



ABSOLUTE POWER by Jamie Anderson

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time traveller.

CONSTANCE CLARKE:

Time traveller's companion – formerly L/Wren at Bletchley Park.

LYAM YCE:

(M, 50s) Human xenoarchaeologist turned mining entrepreneur. Speaks with the overenthusiastic tones of a 1920s New York businessman. No eyes. Wears a strange visor.

FLORRIE: (ALSO MEDICAL DOCTOR)

(F, 20s) Fiancée of Yce. Actually on an undercover mission. Very savvy, playing dumb.

AMMAR ELKADY:

(Middle-Eastern M, l 40s) Yce's downtrodden assistant.

DOCTOR ARYAN WYKE: (ALSO MINE WORKER)

(M) Human scientist with an interest in unusual extinction level events. Actually a con-man working with Yce.

KOHRBAL:

(M, 50s) Florrie's Wrechonite boss from Galaxy 3. Impatient, aggressive and rather bloodthirsty.

PHEENAN:

(F, 30s) Korbal's bumbling Wrechonite number 2. Does whatever she's told.

ALSO: NINEXIE, MINER #1, MINER #2, TECHNICIAN, NARRATOR, UAXS 1, UAXS 2.

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1. EXT. TEYMAH – YCE MINING CORPORATION SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

FADE IN: WORKERS USING HIGH TECH MACHINERY ON A DESOLATE PLANET SURFACE. SANDSTORM BUILDING. EVERYTHING PITCHED UP.

MACHINES SCAN THE SURFACE. BLEEPING BEGINS, INDICATING A POSITIVE FIND.

MINER #1:

That's it! It's here!

MINER #2:

That's a relief. Last thing we need is something to annoy the boss right now.

MINER #1 TAPS MORE CONTROLS. SCANNING RATE CHANGES, DEEPENS.

MINER #1:

Well, this what he was after, wasn't it? Looks like a temple layout from the scans. Lots of pillars... covered in more of those symbols.

MINER #2:

Just like the ones on the... you know...

MINER #1:

Yeah, it's alright. You can say it, you know.

MINER #2:

Sorry – I was just being sensitive. After what happened to Daylen. (BEAT) How's he doing?

MINER #1:

He's alright. Shaken. Few burns. But he'll be OK. I guess he'll go on medical leave...

MINER #2:

Only medical leave tends to become permanent.

MINER #1:

Well then – we best take care with this site. We don't want another 'incident'. (BEAT) Let's get this dig underway. Then hopefully we'll have some good news to give to Mister Yce!

FEW COMMANDS PUNCHED IN.

MINER #2:

Drill course set. Let's do it!

HE HITS A FINAL BUTTON. THE MACHINE SPRINGS INTO LIFE, DRILLING ROCK, CHURNING IT UP. VERY NOISY.

2. INT. YCE MINING CORP ORBITING STATION PENTHOUSE

YCE TAKES A CALL VIA EARPIECE. DESPITE IT BEING DISCREET HE MAKES A SONG AND DANCE. NO VOICE CAN BE HEARD AT THE OTHER END.

YCE:

(SOTTO) We don't need this kind of negative publicity, Ammar. It's taken us long enough to find the sphere – the last thing we need is a health and safety case against the company.

FLORRIE:

(OFF) Lyam! What are you doing out there?!

OFF – SHE GETS UP AND HEADS TOWARDS HIM.

YCE:

(TO FLORRIE) Just taking a call, sweetheart! (RETURNING TO NORMAL OBNOXIOUS CALL VOLUME) So tell them I'm really not interested, Ammar. (BEAT) Right. (BEAT) Yep. (BEAT) Well, you know what? Nobody died, so they have no right to make any demands – in fact, I feel some redundancies coming on. (BEAT) You know exactly what I mean. Uhgoo'bye!

FX: COMMS END.

YCE:

(ENRAGED) Claiming compensation for emotional trauma?! Who the hell do these jokers – [think they are?]

FLORRIE ARRIVES IN THE DOORWAY.

FLORRIE:

(INTERRUPTING. CALMING) Lyam, darling... come back to bed.

FX: YCE WALKS OVER, KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK.

YCE:

I don't know what I'd do without you, my sweet, sweet girl. Whatever did I do to win over such a beautiful creature?

FLORRIE:

You made vast sums of money, and you were happy to spend it on me? (BEAT)

ICY ATMOSPHERE FALLS BEFORE...

YCE:

(LETS OUT A LAUGH, THEN...)

YCE and FLORRIE:

(COLLAPSE IN LAUGHTER. IT'S CLEARLY A RUNNING JOKE)

FLORRIE:

So, darling, with that in mind – what are we doing today? I'd just adore a visit to that new Ultramall on the Sirtis Major platform..

YCE:

Errrrr...

FLORRIE:

(GETTING CARRIED AWAY) Or what about the tickets to the outer system's low gravity polo finals? Did you get them? We could make a weekend of it!

YCE:

(AS NICE AS POSSIBLE) Honey, I'm sorry. There's some irritating issue down at the Teymah project. I need to go down there... to keep them in line, and get this thing resolved. It shouldn't take long... (BEAT)

FLORRIE:

(STRANGELY POSITIVE) Teymah? Ancient, uninhabited Teymah?!

YCE:

I'm sorry, sweetie, [but...]

FLORRIE:

(OVERENTHUSIASTICALLY INTERRUPTING) Oh, Lyam! You're so romantic! You know how much I love ancient ruins... and Teymah! Fantastic. You're the best. (PLANTS ANOTHER KISS ON HIS CHEEK) I'd better get dressed, hadn't I?

FX: SHE SCAMPERS OVER TO THE WARDROBE LOOKING FOR AN OUTFIT.
WARDROBE DOOR OPENS.

YCE:

But Florrie, I wasn't planning on...

FLORRIE:

(CALLING BACK) Don't worry, darling, I'll only be twenty minutes! See you on the lower level shortly. Get Ammar to bring the orange shuttle – I prefer that one. It'll go with my outfit!

YCE:

(SIGHS) Yes, my sweet!

HE BEGINS DIALLING AMMAR.

3. INT. TARDIS – IN FLIGHT

THE DOCTOR IS TINKERING WITH A SMALL PIECE OF KIT. THE OCCASIONAL SPARK OR FIZZ. HE'S ONLY HALF-PAYING ATTENTION. TARDIS IN FLIGHT.

CONSTANCE:

So you do admit that it was inappropriate, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

It wasn't exactly what I said... was it?

CONSTANCE:

What exactly do you think you said?

DOCTOR:

Well, I can't remember now...

CONSTANCE:

And why not?!

DOCTOR:

Well I was rather distracted by this little gizmo. It's really rather fascinating. I've been [working on it for...]

CONSTANCE:

(INTERRUPTING) Doctor. You might have the good grace to finish one conversation before moving on to the next! – Ugh!

FX: SHE TURNS ON HER HEEL AND STORMS OFF.

DOCTOR:

Constance!

CONSTANCE:

(CALLING BACK) Mrs Clarke, thank you very much!

FX: INNER DOOR SLAMS.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, that was it. I remember now.

4. EXT. TEYMAH – YCE MINING CORP SITE LANDING AREA

SHUTTLE LANDS ON PAD, KICKING UP DUST. EXIT RAMP DROPS, REVEALING YCE ONCE AGAIN ON COMMS. FLORRIE AND YCE STICK TO THE GANGWAYS – BOOTS AND SHOES ON METAL AS THEY WALK.

YCE:

(COMING TO A STOP) Alright, Mister Poyne. How's about this for a deal? Yce Industries cancels this entire order with you, as well as all future ones, and moves its contract to Clemfer and Stanch instead? (BEAT) No, actually, don't bother answering now. I'll give you some time to mull it over. Uh'goobye!

HE HANGS UP.

FLORRIE:

Lyam! Do you have to be so mean to these people?

YCE:

Florrie, darling – it's not meanness. It's business! We couldn't keep you in the manner you've become accustomed to if business wasn't going well, could we?

FLORRIE:

(DUMB GIDDY LAUGH) I suppose not. Thank you, my sweet! (PLANTS A KISS ON HIS CHEEK)

YCE:

Now – if we just pop up to the top of the landing bays, you'll be able to get a view of the ancient city of Teymah. I'm told it's quite striking for a bunch of mud huts, clay cathedrals, and sludge streets.

FLORRIE:

Tell you what... I'll race you there! (SHE RUNS OFF) With a slight head start!

YCE:

(LAUNCHING UP THE STAIRS) Come back here, you!

THEY RACE UP A METAL STAIRCASE AT THE BACK OF THE LANDING BAY.

5. EXT. TEYMAH – YCE MINING CORP SITE LANDING AREA ROOFTOP

WIND BLOWS. THE ODD SHUTTLE FLIES OVERHEAD. MINERS WORK BELOW. FLORRIE ARRIVES FIRST. FOLLOWED BY SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH YCE.

FLORRIE:

Lyam! It's beautiful! (BEAT) That cathedral is just gorgeous.

YCE:

(PANTING) Yes – surprising what you can do with mud.

FLORRIE:

But to think it's still here, nearly two thousand years later... it's just awe-inspiring.

YCE:

Quite the romantic old thing, aren't you?

FLORRIE:

Less of the 'old', you!

YCE:

(PLAYFULLY) You said it yourself – old things can be gorgeous!

FLORRIE:

You cheeky –! (FLINGS HER ARMS AROUND HIM AND KISSES HIM) Oh, Lyam. This is just wonderful–

INTERRUPTED BY YCE'S COMMUNICATOR.

YCE:

Sorry, sweetie.

FLORRIE:

Don't [worry, it's fine]

BUT YCE HAS ALREADY STARTED TAKING THE CALL.

YCE:

What is it, Ammar?

HE WANDERS OFF, SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US.

YCE:

Both of them? (BEAT) Excellent! (BEAT) No redundancy payment?! Ammar – I'm impressed. But I think Florrie will be disappointed.

FLORRIE:

Disappointed by what?

YCE:

(STILL ON THE CALL) Ah – is he arriving early? Perfect! Then all is well. We'll be down shortly.

HE HANGS UP.

FLORRIE:

Disappointed by what, Lyam?!

YCE:

Nothing, my sweet. My small problem appears to have resolved itself, so I thought I'd dragged you down here for nothing. But it seems a very great man – Professor Aryan Wyke – is arriving two days early. You've heard me talking to him, I guess?

FLORRIE:

(SLIGHTLY OVER-INTERESTED) Professor Wyke?! Oh really! Excellent. I'd love to meet him!

YCE:

Plus we have the party from the Archaeological Society due today. It's going to be a busy one! (BEAT) Well then... shall we go?

FLORRIE:

Let's!

THEY HEAD BACK DOWN THE METAL STAIRS.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM – IN FLIGHT

FX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN. CONSTANCE IS BACK FOR MORE. DOCTOR STILL PLAYING WITH THE DEVICE.

CONSTANCE:

So. Are you ready to concentrate on your apology?

DOCTOR:

(STILL DISTRACTED) Almost...

FEW CLICKS AND BOOPS.

CONSTANCE:

Right. That's it!

SOUND OF A SUCCESSFUL BOOTING UP OF THE MOBILE TELEPATHIC DEVICE. POWER UP BEEPS, VERY LOW LEVEL HEARTBEAT TYPE HUM.

DOCTOR:

There! Done. (BEAT) Constance – you are absolutely right. I should have warned you that Brudvahkian Yaks spit, and I certainly shouldn't have laughed when it... 'got you'. Alas, despite being over nine hundred years old, I do on occasion still have my childish moments.

CONSTANCE:

I'm sorry, is this an apology?

DOCTOR:

Mrs Clarke, I am truly sorry. I mean it. I can prove it, too! Here – (FX: DEVICE HANDED OVER) take this.

FX: SHE TAKES IT, EXAMINES IT. LOW LEVEL PULSE, OCCASIONAL ENERGY SOUNDS.

CONSTANCE:

What is it? How does this prove anything?

DOCTOR:

Just relax for a moment, and you'll feel how sorry I am.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, if this is just some silly trick...

DOCTOR:

It's not. Relax.

CONSTANCE:

Very well. (SIGHS)

PULSE SWELLS SLIGHTLY.

CONSTANCE:

(REACTS) Argh! What was that? What happened? What did I just feel?

DOCTOR:

My regret that we've had this little set-to, and the depth of my apology, I hope.

CONSTANCE:

I think I did, perhaps. (BEAT) Here, take it back. (SHE HANDS IT BACK) What just happened?

DOCTOR:

Low-level telepathically delivered empathy.

CONSTANCE:

Well, I feel none the wiser.

DOCTOR:

It's a small device I've been working on for several hundred years, on and off. Just a side project, you understand. A mobile extension of the TARDIS' telepathic circuitry.

CONSTANCE:

Telepathic-? (REMEMBERS) Ah! Would that be related to the thing that translates speech for us, wherever we land?

DOCTOR:

It would! Well remembered, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:

Thank you. So what's it for, exactly, this 'empathy device'?

DOCTOR:

Why, it's - (STUMPED) Do you know, I can't quite remember now, it's rather a while since I started building it. Several regenerations ago, in fact...

TARDIS MATERIALISES.

DOCTOR:

... but I'm sure it will come in handy at some juncture. Best I plug it into the console to charge while we explore.

HE PLUGS IT INTO THE CONSOLE.

CONSTANCE:

Explore? (SUSPICIOUS) Explore where? Where have you brought us now?

CUT TO:

7. EXT. TARDIS – TEYMAH SURFACE

TARDIS DOOR CREAKS OPEN. THEY STEP OUT. A DUST STORM BLOWS LIGHTLY. SAND UNDERFOOT.

DOCTOR:

The planet Teymah! One of the five wonders of the Ursa Aquarii system.

CONSTANCE:

Not really the most stunning vistas I was hoping for, and... (SNIFFS) Goodness me! What is that smell? Like pickled eggs and pear drops!

DOCTOR:

I rather like the smell of pear drops. What your olfactory system is detecting, Mrs Clarke... (SNIFFS AIR) ...is a mixture of sulphur compounds, together with a little diacetylformamide.

CONSTANCE:

Is it safe?

DOCTOR:

As houses! – Up that hill, I think. (CALLING BACK) Come along!

CONSTANCE:

I hope the view improves. Mauve sand dunes may be novel, but they're hardly inspiring!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) I guarantee you'll be impressed!

SHE JOINS HIM – TRUDGING THROUGH THE DUST, UP THE HILL.

8. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – CORRIDOR

BUSTLE OF PEOPLE MOVING THROUGH THE OFFICES. YCE AND FLORRIE APPROACH.

NB: ALTHOUGH WYKE AND YCE CLAIM TO BE MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY ALREADY KNOW EACH OTHER, SO THE FORMALITIES ARE SLIGHTLY HAMMY.

WYKE:

Mister Yce, I presume?

YCE:

Indeed. It's a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Professor Wyke.

WYKE:

Aryan, please. (BEAT) And who is this... female?

YCE:

Ah yes, Aryan – meet my fiancée, Florrie.

FLORRIE:

Delighted, Professor Wyke... errrr, Aryan!

WYKE:

Likewise, Miss. – But I must protest, Mister Yce. This part of the project is completely confidential, and to my knowledge only you and your assistant have sufficient clearance?

YCE:

Ah, yes. Quite right. I'm so sorry, my dear – would you mind sitting this one out?

FLORRIE:

But Lyam! What's a little thing like me going to do with information on a mining project? I'll just sit over there and wait for you two to finish.

WYKE:

I'm really not [happy with that]

YCE:

Florrie my darling, I'm sure we can sort this all out. Why don't you just pop into my office, and Aryan and I will come to some arrangement?

FLORRIE:

Anything for you, my love. (SHE GOES TO LEAVE). See you shortly, Aryan.

9. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE

THE DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE REACH THE PEAK – TRIUMPHANT MUSIC CUE.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) Quite a climb, but well worth it for the view!

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, it's quite stunning! Those buildings below...

DOCTOR:

Indeed. Incredibly ornate, but made entirely of mud.

CONSTANCE:

Extraordinary. – Where are all the inhabitants?

DOCTOR:

Long since departed, I'm afraid..

CONSTANCE:

Really? Did they build spaceships out of mud, also?!

DOCTOR:

An A.E.L.E. – an Anomalous Extinction Level Event. The entire Teymahrian race died out, ooooh, two thousand years ago – relatively speaking.

CONSTANCE:

Relatively?

DOCTOR:

According to the TARDIS this is – approximately – the year thirty-three-nineteen – the equivalent of... errr... twenty-one-ninety-ish, in Earth years. The A.E.L.E took place around thirteen hundred.

MINING EQUIPMENT IN THE DISTANCE.

CONSTANCE:

I'm not sure I'm any the wiser. What caused it – this extinction?

DOCTOR:

Nobody's quite sure – I suppose I should pop back and look really – but there is something hauntingly beautiful about the empty cities of Teymah. (BEAT) Come along – it looks like there's some sort of archaeological dig going on over there.

CONSTANCE:

Sounds more like a mining operation to me.

DOCTOR:

Either way, there are some people down there. Humanoid I think!
Let's go and introduce ourselves!

THEY BEGIN TO DESCEND THE DUNE.

10. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – CORRIDOR

YCE AND WYKE ARGUING. THERE IS STILL HUSTLE AND BUSTLE, SO THEY TRY TO KEEP THEIR VOICES DOWN.

WYKE:

This is not what we agreed, Lyam.

YCE:

Please Aryan, let's keep this from escalating any further?

WYKE:

Escalating?! (BEAT) Look. Mr Yce. You've called upon my expertise to examine these unusual objects, correct?

YCE:

Correct.

WYKE:

And you feel that these items are of some importance? Yes?

YCE:

Yes...

WYKE:

Then let me do my job and examine the artefacts without interruptions from your pet!

PORTAL DOOR SPINS OPEN. TWO PEOPLE STEP IN AND COME TO A HALT TEN FEET AWAY.

YCE:

Pet?! That's the woman I love you're talking [about...]

THEY BREAK OFF, AWARE THEY'RE BEING WATCHED. FEW MOMENTS OF AWKWARD SILENCE.

DOCTOR:

(BREAKING THE SILENCE) Ah... Good day, gentlemen, I'm so sorry to have interrupted. I'm the Doctor, and this is Const- (CORRECTS SELF) Mrs Clarke.

YCE:

Ah! Doctor! Mrs Clarke! We've been expecting you!

CONSTANCE:

You have?

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Of course you have, Mister, er...?

YCE:

Lyam Yce – two Ys, no Is. This is Professor Aryan Wyke. (BEAT) Aryan, these must be our two distinguished guests from the Ursa Aquarii Xenoarcheological Society.

WYKE:

Pleased to meet you.

YCE:

Doctor, Mrs Clarke, I must apologise. My assistant should have met you, and brought you here by buggy.

DOCTOR:

Not a problem, we enjoyed the stroll!

CONSTANCE:

And the views.

YCE ACTIVATES HIS COMMS.

YCE:

Yes, quite. (COMMS OPEN) Ammar! Where are you!? Our guests from the U.A.X.S. are here. (BEAT) I don't care if they're early. You should have been aware. (BEAT). Anyway, the damage is done now. Get here at once and give them the tour! Uhgoo'bye!

COMMS CLOSED.

WYKE:

Mr Yce, while you play host here, perhaps I should get to work on the artefacts?

DOCTOR:

New ancient Teymahrian artefacts? That's rather exciting! They'd be the first such discoveries in... sixty years or so, I should think? I'm a bit of an expert in these things, you know.

YCE:

(LYING. RAILROADING) Er, yes, Doctor. All rather dull really, but Professor Wyke here is pretty obsessed with the old stuff – don't understand it myself, but there we are, so... yes, Professor Wyke – please do, head off, and... errr... begin your work.

WYKE:

Of course, Mr Yce. (BEAT) Lovely to meet you both, I hope to see you again later on.

FX: WYKE BEGINS TO LEAVE.

DOCTOR:

Professor Wyke, before you go...

FX: TURNS ON HIS HEEL.

DOCTOR:

(CONT'D...) I just wanted to ask you what your specialism is. I'm afraid it wasn't on the briefing documents from the... errr... Ursula...

CONTANCE:

(INTERRUPTING) From the Ursa Aquarii Xenoarcheological Society? – Very remiss of them, if you ask me.

DOCTOR:

Quite, Mrs Clarke! Very remiss indeed.

WYKE:

(POLITE CHUCKLE) Of course, Doctor. I am an extinctions specialist – with a particular interest in abnormal extinction level events. So Teymah...

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) ... is an ideal planet to study! Excellent. Although, don't you think Teymah's extinction point shares similar patterns to that of Rathbyle Eight, and Hurquasius in Galaxy Nine?

WYKE:

(LOST) Well... quite... possibly, Doctor. I need to look into a few things, but it's very early days. Anyway, I really must get on!

YCE:

Yes. Go ahead Professor Wyke, I shall join you shortly.

WYKE LEAVES.

YCE:

(CONT'D) Doctor, Mrs Clarke, I hope you'll forgive me, but I have matters to attend you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind introducing yourselves to my fiancée, Miss Solomon?

CONSTANCE:

(NOT THE DONE THING) Introducing ourselves?

YCE:

I'm sure she'd love to meet such distinguished guests.

DOCTOR:

We'd very much like to meet your fiancée, Mr Yce.

YCE:

Very good. Head along the corridor, it's the fifth door on your left.

YCE WALKS OFF.

DOCTOR:

Much obliged, Mr Yce!

ONCE HE'S OUT OF SIGHT:

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) Doctor – is it wise to pretend to be 'Xenoarcheologists'? Couldn't we just say we were holidaymakers?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) But Mrs Clarke! Where would be the adventure in that?
(BEAT) Plus, I have a feeling that something rather more interesting than a plain old archaeological dig is going on here...

CONSTANCE:

Such as?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure, but I have a feeling that our new friend Professor Wyke is at the heart of it.

CONSTANCE:

How can you tell?

DOCTOR:

For one thing, he seemed a little shifty. Eyes too close together. For another, there's the matter of his credentials... There is no 'Rathbyle Eight', nor an 'Hurquasius' in Galaxy Nine. I made them up.

CONSTANCE:

Not such an expert then. Well, in that case – I suppose we should keep a close eye on him. (BEAT) Come on!

THEY WALK OFF DOWN CORRIDOR.

11. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – YCE’S SUITE

FLORRIE SITS IN YCE’S CHAIR, QUIETLY HUMMING TO HERSELF. SHE OPENS SOME DRAWERS AND CLOSES THEM AGAIN – DISAPPOINTED THAT NOTHING OF INTEREST IS INSIDE. OFFICE DOOR SLIDES OPEN, MAKING HER JUMP.

FLORRIE:

Ah! Oh, Ammar! You made me jump!

AMMAR:

My apologies, Miss Solomon.

DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

FLORRIE:

(KINDLY) Ammar! For the six hundredth time – call me Florrie. Please?

AMMAR:

Thank you, Miss... err... Florrie. (BEAT) Have you seen Mr Yce’s guests from the U.A.X.S.?

FLORRIE:

Nope! I’ve just been told to sit in here like a good girl.

AMMAR:

Oh dear. Everything is going wrong today! I missed the group’s arrival, and now the translation expert from the University is delayed. [Mr Yce is going to be...]

OVER THIS: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. PROLONGED SILENCE. BIT AWKWARD.

DOCTOR:

Hello. You wouldn’t happen to be Miss Solomon, would you?

FLORRIE:

I am, yes. I’m sorry, you are-?

CONSTANCE:

I’m Mrs Clarke, and this is the Doctor. We’re from [the...]

FLORRIE:

The U.A.X.S., of course! Ammar here has been expecting you.

AMMAR:

Yes indeed. Welcome, Doctor, and Mrs Clarke. I’ve been instructed to take you on a tour of the site as part of your welcome. We’ve made a particularly exciting discovery in the last few days.

FLORRIE:

Oh! Is that the sphere? I've heard Lyam talking about it!

DOCTOR:

A sphere?

AMMAR:

Yes, Doctor. A nine-metre diameter perfect sphere on the outskirts of the old Teymahrian capital city... buried just a few metres beneath the surface.

DOCTOR:

Fascinating! I should very much [like to see it]

CONSTANCE:

We should very much like to see it.

FLORRIE:

Me too!

AMMAR:

If you'd all like to follow me, please?

THEY EXIT.

12. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – GANGWAY OVER SPHERE

FADE UP. MINERS WORK AROUND THE SPHERE. COMPLEX MACHINERY BUZZES AND WHIRS. AS IS NORMAL ON TEYMAH – VERY LIGHT WIND BLOWS THROUGHOUT. THE PARTY TRUDGE ALONG A METAL GANGWAY – ALL MAIN AREAS OF THE DIG ARE CONNECTED BY THEM.

CONSTANCE:

Goodness me! That certainly looks out of place.

AMMAR:

I quite agree, Mrs Clarke! It is impressive, though – no?

DOCTOR:

Impressive, yes... but alien, surely?

AMMAR:

Interestingly, Doctor, the material appears to be entirely Teymahrian... locally sourced minerals and metals.

DOCTOR:

Well it's certainly anachronistic. Not something the ancient Teymahrians could have built themselves...

FLORRIE:

And therein lies the mystery!

CONSTANCE:

Are there any theories at present?

AMMAR:

Several! An ancient cult... part of a lost Sontaran battle fleet...

FLORRIE & CONSTANCE:

Sontaran?

DOCTOR:

It's certainly not Sontaran... (BEAT) Sorry, the Sontarans are a nasty militaristic race. But I don't believe they've had that much of a presence in this sector... and their scout vessels are considerably smaller than this.

AMMAR:

That's the information we were given, too. Please – down the steps. I want to show you something found on the side of the sphere.

THEY DESCEND A FEW METAL STEPS COMING LEVEL WITH THE SPHERE.

DOCTOR:

(SEARCHING THE SURFACE) A door, perhaps?

AMMAR:

None that we've been able to find. It appears to be a solid piece, from what we can tell with our scanning equipment.

THEY COME TO A HALT.

CONSTANCE:

And what about these inscriptions?

AMMAR:

These are what we wanted to show you. We've had two ancient language experts here in the last three days, but neither was able to even attempt a translation.

DOCTOR:

An as-yet-undiscovered language? – Well, if anyone can work it out – Mrs Clarke can!

FLORRIE:

Are you a necrologophile, Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

Something like that, yes.

AMMAR:

Most impressive! More of the symbols are recorded back at the complex. There's also a second set at a dig on the other side of the site – a short buggy ride away – although access is restricted. I will ask Mister Yce if we can make an exception for you. In the meantime, shall I arrange for you to study the symbols we've so far recorded in the lab?

CONSTANCE:

That sounds ideal. At least that way we can get out of this wind!

DOCTOR:

And be given a cup of tea, perhaps? The mouthfuls of sand we're currently consuming dry one out, rather!

AMMAR:

Of course. Let's return to the complex. You too, Miss Solomon.

AMMAR WALKS AHEAD OF THEM.

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) Doctor – why can't we read those symbols? Shouldn't the TARDIS have translated them for us?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I know. There are some exceptions to every rule.

AMMAR:

(CALLING BACK) Doctor? Mrs Clarke?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AHEAD) Just coming, Ammar! (SOTTO) It certainly adds to the mystery doesn't it? (CHEERFULLY) Come on!

THEY JOG TO CATCH UP.

13. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – ANALYSIS LAB

WYKE PREPARES LAB EQUIPMENT WITH A LAB TECH, PLACING THE ARTEFACTS ON THE WORKBENCH. COMPUTERS BEEP; LAB EQUIPMENT WARMS UP.

TECHNICIAN:

Professor Wyke, we still can't be sure that saline won't be damaging to the surface of these artefacts. The material has yet to be identified.

WYKE:

Your caution is appreciated. But... (HEFTS HEAVIEST PART ONTO THE WORKBENCH) ... I'm more than confident in what we have here.

TECHNICIAN:

But surely, sir...

WYKE:

(IMPATIENT) Who is the expert here?

TECHNICIAN:

You are, Professor Wyke.

WYKE:

And you are a low-grade technician. So there's nothing to discuss, is there?

BEAT.

TECHNICIAN:

Will there be anything else, sir?

WYKE:

No. You may leave. And please – make sure I am not disturbed. I must focus while I examine these pieces.

TECHNICIAN:

Of course.

TECHNICIAN LEAVES. DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM.

WYKE:

(TO SELF) Alright, Lyam... I'll give you ten minutes before I go ahead with this without you (BEAT) Now...

BEGINS FIDDLING WITH THE ITEMS, STACKING, CLEANING. PREPARING.

WYKE:

Let's get this set up.

14. INT. YCE MINING CORP VIEWING THEATRE

CONSTANCE, AMMAR, DOCTOR AND FLORRIE SHUFFLE INTO THE YCE VIEWING THEATRE.

CONSTANCE:

I must say that this whole set-up – all of the so-called temporary buildings... the walkways, offices, canteens... it all feels rather extravagant, Ammar.

AMMAR:

It's really nothing very special. These 'pop up' temporary compounds are used across this solar system for everything from migrant camps to museums. Yce Industries owns the universal patent, of course.

CONSTANCE:

But does it really need its own cinema?

AMMAR:

Haha. I see what you mean, but Mister Yce considers it all part of the Yce Industries experience.

DOCTOR:

Marketing and public relations! A curse of moderately advanced civilisations, Mrs Clarke!

CONSTANCE:

I see...

AMMAR:

If you'd like to take a seat? On behalf of Mister Yce, I'd like to show you a short presentation about our activities here on Teymah, and throughout the whole of this system.

FLORRIE:

Ah! If you don't mind Ammar, I might duck out. (BEAT) I've seen this one a few too many times already!

AMMAR:

Of course. We'll return to Mister Yce's office suite shortly.

FLORRIE:

Excellent. See you in a mo!

SHE EXITS.

AMMAR:

Are you sitting comfortably, Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

Very comfortably, thank you Ammar.

AMMAR:

Then we should begin!

HE PROGRAMS COMPUTER. YCE CORPS FILM BEGINS – RETRO FEEL, WITH OVER-THE-TOP CORPORATE VOICEOVER. NAFF MUSIC BED.

NARRATOR:

(LIGHT DISTORT) For millennia, we have relied upon nature to provide resources for our own advancement. But there comes a point in every civilisation's development where demand outstrips nature's supply. Thanks to Yce Industries, however – at last we are able to overcome nature's inadequacies!

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERED TO CONSTANCE) A suitably dramatic and pompous introduction!

NARRATOR:

(LIGHT DISTORT) Without a leader, Yce Industries would be nothing. All of our advances are thanks to our founder and chairman – Lyam Yce.

CONSTANCE:

(WHISPERED TO DOCTOR) Goodness me!

NARRATOR:

(LIGHT DISTORT) His vision and determination has led to Yce Industries excelling across multiple specialisms – from mining to medicine, from retail to research.

DOCTOR:

(YAWNS LOUDLY)

NARRATOR:

(LIGHT DISTORT) His unrivalled leadership has led to many technological advances, as well as the development of a devoted following.

CONSTANCE:

'Unrivalled leadership'? Unrivalled ego, more like...

15. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – YCE’S SUITE

YCE ENTERS.

FLORRIE:

Lyam, darling!

YCE:

Florrie... where are our visitors?

FLORRIE:

Just watching the 'Introduction to Yce' film.

YCE:

Hmmmmmm.

FLORRIE:

Is everything alright? What is it?

YCE:

You're very good with first impressions. What do you think of this 'Doctor and Mrs Clarke'?

FLORRIE:

They seem like very nice and intelligent folk to me.

YCE:

Anything suspicious about them?

FLORRIE:

Not that I've noticed. (BEAT) What is it, darling? You seem concerned.

YCE:

Well, I'm worried that they're not who they say they are. I'm not even sure they're from the U.A.X.S. Something about them doesn't add up. (BEAT) Espionage?

FLORRIE:

(SLIGHTLY SHAKEN) Espionage?!

YCE:

Industrial espionage. I've a feeling they're from one of our competitors – here to pick up trade secrets or something.

FLORRIE:

(LYING) Lyam, my sweet – let me put your mind at ease. While you were out, I took a call from the U.A.X.S. They were asking if their delegates had arrived, and everything in that conversation checked out. I really think you're worrying over nothing.

YCE:

Hmmmmmmmm.

FLORRIE:

I'm sorry — I wouldn't normally answer calls in your office, but you were busy and there's so much going on. I only wanted to help!

YCE:

It's fine, Florrie. Really. Thank you. I'm grateful. Consider my mind put at ease!

FLORRIE:

Good. You need to relax, my love. You've been working too hard recently...

DOOR SLIDES OPEN — THE DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND AMMAR ENTER.

YCE:

Ah! Doctor, Constance — we were just talking about you. I hope the tour was enjoyable.

DOCTOR:

(LYING) Ahem. Yes. In fact, Mrs Clarke was just remarking on how much she enjoyed the video presentation!

CONSTANCE:

(PLAYING ALONG) Absolutely, yes — thank you. Most enlightening!

AMMAR:

I've suggested that Mrs Clarke should be given access to the symbol data gathered from both sites, Mister Yce? And perhaps she might also be permitted to access the second site?

YCE:

(BRISTLING INAPPROPRIATELY) And why would you do that?

AMMAR:

Sir, I just thought...

YCE:

(REGAINING COMPOSURE. COVERING) We don't want to abuse Mrs Clarke's goodwill. She's here to observe for the U.A.X.S. — not to give us free consultancy!

CONSTANCE:

I really don't mind.

DOCTOR:

We'd be more than happy to help, if we can.

FLORRIE:

How generous of you both! Thank you.

YCE:

(DOESN'T MEAN IT) Yes indeed – most generous. Yce Industries is grateful.

DOCTOR:

Our pleasure. (SITS DOWN IN A COMFY CHAIR) Whatever happened to that tea, Ammar?

AMMAR:

Of course. I shall go and investigate. (EXITS)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) And while you're about it – you wouldn't happen to have any custard creams, would you?

16. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – ANALYSIS LAB

IMPATIENT WYKE FINALLY GIVES UP WAITING.

WYKE:

Time's up, Lyam! (BEAT) I shall have to continue without you.

METALLIC ITEMS PUT TOGETHER. SCRAPED. SCREWED. MOUNTED.

WYKE:

A momentous point in history...

WATER POURED INTO A CHAMBER.

WYKE:

And the beginning of our achieving absolute power over life and death! (CONNECTING TERMINALS) Connect this here... and that one to the inner casing...

TERMINALS CONNECTED TO THE ARTEFACTS.

WYKE:

It all seems rather too easy. Well, easy to those who understand the secrets of the Ninexie! (BEAT) Now seems as good a time as any. (BEAT) Three. Two. One. Power... on!

SWITCH IS FLIPPED; POWER COMES UP. COUPLE OF SPARKS. FIZZING. A BUZZ.

WYKE:

Hmmmmmm... perhaps it'll take a few [minutes]

WITHOUT WARNING, A SHARP BUILD OF POWER – AND AN ARC OF LIGHTNING HITS WYKE. HE SCREAMS.

WYKE:

Aaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrgggggghhhhhh!

HIS BODY CONVULSES, KNOCKING INSTRUMENTS FROM THE TABLE. HE CHOKES AND SPLUTTERS. CROSS TO:

17. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – YCE’S SUITE
[CONTINUOUS]

AS WYKE IS SHOCKED, THE LIGHTS DIM – A GENERAL DIP IN ALL ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY. THEN THEY CUT OUT.

CONSTANCE:

The lights have gone out!

YCE:

Not again – we have these occasional dips in supply, I’m afraid. I’ll send someone [to investigate]

WYKE’S DISTANT SCREAM BECOMES AUDIBLE.

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) No, no – wait. Shush! (BEAT)

YCE:

What? What is it, man?

EMERGENCY POWER ON.

YCE:

(OBLIVIOUS) Ah, at least the emergency lighting has come online.

CONSTANCE:

I heard it too, Doctor. That was a scream.

FLORRIE:

A scream?!

ANOTHER BURST OF WYKE SCREAMING.

DOCTOR:

Someone is in rather serious trouble. – Quickly!

DOOR SLIDES OPEN. ALL FOUR RUN OUT OF THE ROOM.

18. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – ANALYSIS LAB

WYKE'S ELECTROCUTION CONTINUES, UNTIL JUST AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED – THE POWER STOPS. WYKE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

WYKE:

(DEATH RATTLE; DIES)

HIS BODY HUMS WITH A FAINT ELECTRICAL SOUND. A COUPLE OF SPARKS/ARCS OF ELECTRICITY JUMP OUT OF HIM. THEN QUIET.

19. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – CORRIDOR

DOCTOR, YCE, CONSTANCE, THEN FLORRIE DASH DOWN CORRIDOR.

CONSTANCE:

Are you sure that cry came from this direction?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely! I have the acute directional hearing of a bat with a sat-nav! (BEAT) What's at the end of the corridor, Yce?

YCE:

Our research labs.

DOCTOR:

As likely a place as any for an accident!

CROSS TO:

20. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – ANALYSIS LAB
[CONTINUOUS]

COUPLE OF BEATS RUNNING UP OUTSIDE, THEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN. THE DOCTOR AND YCE BURST IN, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY CONSTANCE AND FLORRIE.

YCE:

Aryan?! Get up off the floor, you fool!

CONSTANCE AND FLORRIE ENTER.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, be careful!

DOCTOR:

(CROUCHING DOWN) There might still be a chance to (BEAT – REALISING WYKE IS VERY DEAD) Oh...

YCE:

Is he...?

FLORRIE:

(HAMMY SNIFFLES) Oh dear! Oh no!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so. Professor Wyke... is dead.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

COUPLE OF BEATS RUNNING UP OUTSIDE, THEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN. THE DOCTOR AND YCE BURST IN, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY CONSTANCE AND FLORRIE.

YCE:

Aryan?! Get up off the floor, you fool!

CONSTANCE AND FLORRIE ENTER.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, be careful!

DOCTOR:

(CROUCHING DOWN) There might still be a chance to (BEAT – REALISING WYKE IS VERY DEAD) Oh...

YCE:

Is he...?

FLORRIE:

(HAMMY SNIFFLES) Oh dear! Oh no!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so. Professor Wyke... is dead.

SCENE CONTINUES:

21. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – ANALYSIS LAB
[CONTINUED]

YCE:

What?! How could this have happened?!

DOCTOR:

It looks to me like he was electrocuted, but by what?

FLORRIE:

Is there an entry wound? Or a flash or exit burn? (BEAT) (KNOWING SHE'S LOOKING TOO SMART) Sorry, silly me – I watched an episode of 'Galactamedics' yesterday afternoon... it was all about this sort of stuff.

DOCTOR:

I see. Well, since you've mentioned it, I can't find any sign of an exit burn. Mr Yce, I'd like to suggest that an urgent post-mortem is performed on this man.

YCE:

Erm... well, Doctor, I appreciate your concern, but that's not Yce Corporation's company policy. In the event of an accident, [all deaths...]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) And what if the circumstances surrounding the death are highly unusual?

YCE:

(SHAKEN) I'm not sure I like what you're insinuating.

DOCTOR:

I'm not insinuating anything, Mister Yce. You appear to be inferring something though.

FULL LIGHTING AND POWER RETURNS.

CONSTANCE:

The power's back on.

DOCTOR:

Indeed. Mister Yce – I believe that you were about to accede to my request?

YCE:

There's a well-equipped facility at the Ursa Aquarii Interplanetary University, but it's two hours' shuttle flight from here... and it'll be expensive.

DOCTOR:

A man has died in suspicious circumstances. What price would you put on the safety of everyone at this site?

YCE:

Very well, Doctor. You've made your point, but I really don't know what you're worrying about – this was clearly some unfortunate accident. Nonetheless – I will make the arrangements.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (SPOTTING THE ARTEFACTS) Ah-ha! And are these the artefacts that you and the Professor were talking about? This metallic vessel, this cylinder and that rod?

AMMAR ARRIVES, SKIDDING TO A HALT.

AMMAR:

There you all are! I've been looking for you... for... a- ... (SPOTTING THE BODY) What's happened here?

FLORRIE:

(DOWN) He's dead. Professor Wyke is dead!

CONSTANCE:

I'm sorry, Ammar. The Professor appears to have been working on these objects when [something happened and]

AMMAR:

(INTERRUPTING) No! No, no no no...

HE TURNS, DOES A RUNNER.

YCE:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Ammar! Get back here! (BEAT) What's wrong with you, man?

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, should I...?

DOCTOR:

An excellent idea, Mrs Clarke. Thank you!

CONSTANCE:

(RUNNING AND CALLING AFTER HIM) Ammar! Come back! It's alright!

THEY RUN OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING THE ARTEFACTS) Mister Yce, I strongly suggest that these 'artefacts' are locked away somewhere safe!

YCE:

Errrr... and why [would that be, Doctor?]

DOCTOR:

(PATRONISING. INSISTENT. INTERRUPTING) These are ancient artefacts, Mister Yce! They need to be looked after.

YCE:

(RELIEVED NOT TO HAVE BEEN FOUND OUT) Oh! Yes, of course. Quite right! (BEAT) Florrie, my darling – could you fetch one of the lab technicians to arrange their safe storage?

FLORRIE:

Yes, of course. I'll fetch the lab technician straight away.

SHE TURNS AND EXITS.

DOCTOR:

And Mister Yce?

YCE:

(NOW FRUSTRATED) Yes, Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

I also suggest a complete lockdown of all transport – of people and materials – in and out of this site. Agreed?

YCE:

There's something we can easily agree on, Doctor. Consider it done. (BEAT) Might I also suggest that any academic activities here are paused also?

DOCTOR:

Very well.

22. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – GANGWAY TO LAUNCH PADS

CONSTANCE RUNS UP TO AMMAR. LIGHT WIND AND DUST STORM.

CONSTANCE:

Ammar, wait, please! (BEAT) Wait!

SHE GRABS HIS ARM AND PULLS HIM UP. RUNNING STOPS.

AMMAR:

Please, let me go! I want to get out of here!

CONSTANCE:

Ammar, it's alright – it was an accident, most likely. Whatever is the matter?

AMMAR:

I want to go. Please. Let me go!

CONSTANCE:

Alright. If you'll tell me what's wrong. You know something, don't you?

AMMAR:

It's not safe here, we need to leave. Please, you have to come with me too!

CONSTANCE:

I'm flattered, but we've only just met.

AMMAR:

(POLITE LAUGH) No, I didn't mean... Sorry. Look, [we really]

CONSTANCE:

(CALMLY INTERRUPTING) Ammar... Whatever it is you know, it might be important. It might even save lives.

AMMAR:

Very well. During the early phases of this mining mission, I became aware of certain stories from Teymahrian history – regarding a mysterious object, and a cylindrical casket.

CONSTANCE:

One of the 'artefacts' that Wyke was working on!

AMMAR:

Perhaps. It's little more than an ancient myth, but stories have been passed down around this system about an ancient god on Teymah, who derived his power from a special cylindrical casket.

CONSTANCE:

I see...

AMMAR:

The legends speak also of an ancient cult that tried to revive the banished god using the casket, but with the most terrible consequences.

CONSTANCE:

The extinction event...?

AMMAR:

Perhaps. As I say, it's only a story, and maybe I've just lost my head over it all, but...

CONSTANCE:

A little too much of it seems to fit our current situation for it to just be a story. (BEAT) Ammar, you need to share this information with the Doctor.

AMMAR:

But I don't want to!

CONSTANCE:

(CHARMING) For me, Ammar? Please?

AMMAR:

(SLIGHTLY FLUSTERED) Alright, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:

Call me Constance. (BEAT) Come along!

FOOTSTEPS AS THE DOCTOR APPROACHES. SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS.

DOCTOR:

Well done, Mrs Clarke! You caught up with our flighty friend, I see.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor! What on Earth happened in there?

AMMAR:

It's not safe here, Doctor. You must leave. We must all leave.

DOCTOR:

I think I'm beginning to share your concerns, Ammar, but for now at least – we must investigate further.

FX: THEY TURN AND QUICKLY WALK BACK TO THE SPHERE.

23. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – CORRIDOR

YCE:

This is an utter disaster. Just imagine the health and safety investigation... let alone the potential insurance claim, and the corresponding hike in our premiums!

LAB TECHNICIAN:

I'll make my report as generic as I can, sir. I've moved the artefacts to the sample storage area in the medical bay.

YCE:

Good. I suppose we'll also need to arrange for this blasted autopsy.

LAB TECHNICIAN:

Just let me know, sir. I'll do whatever you need.

YCE:

Don't worry. You will.

TECH WALKS AWAY. DOOR OPENS. CROSS TO:

24. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – YCE'S SUITE

FLORRIE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CALL.

FLORRIE:

I repeat – Wyke is dead. [He was]

DOOR OPENS. YCE ENTERS.

YCE:

Florrie? Who are you calling?

FLORRIE:

(FLUSTERED. FAKING) So we're confirmed? A shuttle will deliver the body within the next 24 to 36 hours. Thank you. (COMMS END) Sorry about that, darling – I wanted to get the post mortem arranged for poor Professor Wyke.

YCE:

My dear, you didn't have to do that. It's rather a macabre duty for a pretty thing like you.

FLORRIE:

I know, Lyam, but... I just felt so helpless, and I wanted to do something useful. I'm sorry for interfering.

YCE:

Not at all, my love. I'm very grateful. Come along, let's go and inform the Doctor that the post mortem arrangements have been made.

SHE GETS UP. THEY EXIT TOGETHER.

25. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE – THE SPHERE

DUST STORM BLOWS. VOICES RAISED OVER IT.

AMMAR:

But does it make any sense, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

It's not outside the realms of possibility that there's some connection. (BEAT) Look at these!

CONSTANCE:

The symbols?

DOCTOR:

I'm not surprised that your specialists failed to translate them.

AMMAR:

Is it not some sort of ancient Teymahrian?

DOCTOR:

Almost certainly not. Luckily, we have a very talented cryptographer and linguist with us, in the form of Mrs Clarke. I did promise Yce that we wouldn't carry on with our 'academic duties' – but there's no harm in doing a little translation and code-breaking for fun, is there?

CONSTANCE:

We can certainly give it a try, Doctor. After you.

DOCTOR:

Well, I can see that this symbol reappears multiple times, and this sequence here... I recognise it from somewhere. I'm sure of it.

FADING OUT.

26. INT. SICK BAY — WYKE'S POV

QUIET. A DOCTOR AND TECHNICIAN CAN BE HEARD (MUFFLED) ON THEIR WAY OUT.

MEDICAL DOCTOR:

I don't understand why these old bits of junk need to be stored in my lab. (SIGHS) Any confirmation from the university hospital yet about the autopsy?

LAB TECHNICIAN:

Nothing yet, doctor.

MEDICAL DOCTOR:

Yce's bit of fluff organised it, did she? Useless girl.

LAB TECHNICIAN:

Computer. Lights off.

FX: LIGHTS CLICK OFF. DOOR SHUTS. SILENCE. TWO SECONDS.

WYKE:

(INSIDE BODY BAG: WAKES WITH A START, TAKING A HUGE BREATH. COUGHS. IT TAKES HIM A FEW SECONDS TO STABILISE HIS BREATHING)

HE UNZIPS THE BODY BAG FROM THE INSIDE AND CLIMBS OUT.

WYKE:

(NOW DISTORTED. CRACKLED. WHISPERED. WEAK) I must get to the sphere.

HE EXITS.

27. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE – THE SPHERE

DUST STORM IS WORSE NOW. VERY LOUD. SAND HITS THE GROUP AND THE SPHERE.

DOCTOR:

... Well, that rules that one out. Hang on a mo!

GETS A NOTEBOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET.

DOCTOR:

I keep going back to that line of symbols there. I'm sure I recognise them... Perhaps (FLICKING THROUGH NOTEBOOK) they're in my notebook somewhere...

CONSTANCE:

What about this sign, Doctor? It's wing-like. Could it be a symbol for flight, or space travel?

DOCTOR:

It could well be... Do you have that section fully transcribed?

CONSTANCE:

Almost everything from this panel, yes.

AMMAR:

Doctor! Constance! The storm is getting too severe. We have to get back inside!

CONSTANCE:

Don't worry, Ammar. I think I have enough from here...

DOCTOR:

How come he's allowed to call you Constance?!

AMMAR:

Come along, please! Let's get you inside!

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY FROM THE SPHERE ALONG THE NOISY GANGWAY.

28. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE OFFICES – CORRIDOR

YCE AND FLORRIE WALKING.

YCE:

Where has that curly-haired buffoon got to?

FLORRIE:

You mean the Doctor?

YCE:

Yes... (MOCKINGLY) 'The Doctor'. Something about him still makes me uncomfortable. Where's he got to? Would you go wandering off in a situation like this?

DOOR OPENS. STORM BLOWS IN. DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, AMMAR ENTER.

FLORRIE:

There you are, Doctor! We were worried that perhaps you were lost?

DOCTOR:

I am never, ever lost!

YCE:

Glad to have you back, Doctor. Has Ammar been keeping you entertained?

DOCTOR:

Very much so! We've been making some progress on translating the symbols on the sphere!

'YOU'VE WHAT?!' MUSIC STING

YCE:

Have you indeed! I thought we'd agreed that all work should cease for the time being...

AMMAR:

I'm sorry, sir, I wasn't aware that there was a moratorium [on the U.A.X.S.'s work here]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING. COVERING) Well yes, but we took this on as more of a hobby-type activity...

CONSTANCE:

(CLEARS HER THROAT)

DOCTOR:

Well, I say we – it's Mrs Clarke who's the real expert.

YCE:

I see... How dedicated you both are to your... hobby. (BEAT) And what have you discovered so far, Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

Well, Mr Yce, our efforts were cut short by this dust storm, but I'm fairly certain that the symbols are a set of instructions.

YCE:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) For what?

FLORRIE:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) For what?

CONSTANCE:

For some sort of religious ceremony, perhaps? It's hard to tell until I can see more.

YCE:

Most impressive, Mrs Clarke! (BEAT) I have an idea, regarding the second site...

CONSTANCE:

Where you found more of the symbols?

YCE:

Where we discovered the artefacts, too... Restricted access, of course, since the area has yet to be fully inventoried and catalogued, but you know what? I think I'll allow you to take a look.

CONSTANCE:

I'd certainly be keen to see it, once the dust storm's passed.

AMMAR:

(SEEING HIS CHANCE TO BE ALONE WITH CONSTANCE) Errr — I can take Mrs Clarke, sir? (RECOVERING PROFESSIONALISM) If that would help you, of course.

YCE:

Thank you, Ammar. But I'd like to take our guest there personally. (BEAT) There's no need to wait, Mrs Clarke! The second site is fully covered... Perhaps we could go there now, in one of the buggies?

CONSTANCE:

Doctor? Could you carry on with the Sphere transcriptions, while I go to work on the second site?

DOCTOR:

You don't need my permission, Mrs Clarke.

CONSTANCE:

In that case – I'm ready when you are, Mister Yce.

YCE:

Absolutely! Florrie, my dear, will you look after the good Doctor?

FLORRIE:

Of course. Doctor, before you start work on the transcriptions – I expect you must be thirsty after all that time out in the dust storm?

DOCTOR:

I am indeed. Another layer of sand on the tongue, I'm afraid! You don't happen to have any Ginger Beer do you?

FLORRIE:

Of course we do, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Excellent. Well, I shall see you both when you get back!

YCE:

Yes! Of course. Come along, Mrs Clarke. Uh'goobye!

THE FOUR GO THEIR TWO SEPARATE DIRECTIONS.

29. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE

ANGRY STORM CONTINUES, AS WYKE LURCHES ALONG THE GANGWAY.

WYKE:

We have the items... (LURCHING ALONG) I can see the sphere... We. Will. Prevail.

ANOTHER SET OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ALONG THE GANGWAY.

MINER #1:

Who's that? (BEAT — GETTING CLOSER). (STUNNED) Professor Wyke?! But... I... I thought you were...

WYKE:

Dead. Correct. (BEAT) Now, get out of my way!

MINER #1:

(IN SHOCK)

But... I... Your skin. It's so pale. Are you... I don't understand!

WYKE:

Move! Or I will kill you. (BEAT) Go!

MINER #1:

(IN SHOCK) What? Please! No! No! (HE LEGS IT) Help! Heeeeeelp!

HIS FEET POUND ALONG THE GANGWAY AS THE STORM BLOWS HARDER.

30. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – CANTEEN

FADE UP. CANTEEN IS BUSY AND BUSTLING.

DOCTOR:

This is more like it. I must say – I do enjoy a touch of corporate hospitality every now and again!

FLORRIE:

You're easy to please, Doctor. Here's your ginger beer!

THE DOCTOR TAKES A LARGE SWIG.

DOCTOR:

(VERY REFRESHED) That is an excellent ginger beer!

FLORRIE:

The best-selling brand in the galaxy, Doctor. Earth exports are big business throughout Ursa Aquarii. It's how Lyam originally made his fortune!

DOCTOR:

Oh! Is this one of his exports?

FLORRIE:

It is. Yce is more of an empire than an enterprise!

DOCTOR:

Fascinating. If you don't mind me asking – how did you and... Lyam meet?

FLORRIE:

It's not much of a story, I'm afraid. (BEAT) About eleven months ago, I was working in a bar near one of Lyam's corporate HQs – in a system not far from here...

FADING OUT.

31. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – BUGGY

BUGGY PULLS UP JUST NEXT TO THE SECOND DIG SITE.

YCE:

This is it, Constance... May I call you Constance?

CONSTANCE:

You may.

YCE:

We can walk the last part – it's mostly under cover!

THEY EXIT THE VEHICLE. AS THEY JOIN EACH OTHER ROUND THE FRONT:

YCE:

How long have you been with the U.A.X.S., Constance?

CONSTANCE:

Not long. I was brought in from another post to work as the Doctor's... assistant.

YCE:

Assistant? I must say, you seem rather more than a mere assistant.

CONSTANCE:

I'm flattered, Mister Yce. Working with the Doctor certainly keeps me on my toes! (BEAT) And what about you? What brings your operation to Teymah?

YCE:

This barren place? Two reasons, really. Firstly commercial – Teymah is rich in a number of minerals that are rather valuable across this system – and only the Yce Corporation has the necessary processing technology, and the license to drill here... It's a protected site, so it took us nearly four years to get the required paperwork from this sector's governing body.

CONSTANCE:

And the second?

YCE:

A passing interest in Xenoarchaeology. I was rather hoping we might find something exciting during the mining...

CONSTANCE:

And it seems you were right about that. You must be pleased!

YCE:

Oh yes. It's all coming together nicely – just a few kinks to iron out! (BEAT) Here we are – just up ahead... can you see the entrance under the canopy just there?

THEY APPROACH THE DOOR.

32. INT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – CANTEEN

GENERAL CANTEEN NOISE CONTINUES. DOCTOR PUTS HIS GLASS DOWN.

FLORRIE:

And of course, I had to say yes. I knew from that first day that he was the one for me.

DOCTOR:

A whirlwind romance, you might say?

FLORRIE:

I suppose so, Doctor. I know Lyam's not perfect... but there's something very special about him, something worth pushing through the initial 'front'. And I think I've almost got past it.

DOCTOR:

Fascinating. He's clearly a very lucky man.

FLORRIE:

Flattered, I'm sure, Doctor.

AMMAR COMES THUNDERING IN. SOME DINERS DISTURBED.

AMMAR:

(FRIGHTENED) Miss Solomon! Errr... Florrie! Something has happened!

FLORRIE:

What is it, Ammar? The Doctor and I are having a [nice chat]

AMMAR:

(INTERRUPTING) Please, Florrie. I've just received word that...
(SWALLOWS HARD) Professor Wyke has been spotted in the compound. Walking around!

FLORRIE:

What?!

BOTH STAND UP, PUSHING BACK SEATS.

DOCTOR:

We need to find him, and quickly!

THEY DEPART.

33. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

YCE AND CONSTANCE WALK THROUGH THE DIG SITE.

YCE:

He really is a rather odd fellow – your friend, ‘the Doctor...’

CONSTANCE:

I don’t really know him that well, I’m afraid. You’re not suspicious of him, I hope, Mister Yce?

YCE:

No, no, not suspicious. He just seems rather... eccentric. I was hoping you’d be able to fill me in on his background.

THEY STOP WALKING.

CONSTANCE:

Not really. We’ve only been on a few trips together so far... Adventures, almost, you might say. (BEAT) My goodness! This is a temple, I think! – And just look at that...!

SHE RUSHES OVER TO...

CONSTANCE:

Mister Yce! Do you know what this is?!

YCE:

(LYING) Just more of the inscriptions, I think?

CONSTANCE:

I think it’s essentially a Rosetta Stone!

YCE:

I don’t follow. A what? Will it help you decipher the symbols?

CONSTANCE:

It’s the same inscription in several languages!

YCE:

(KNOWS. STILL LYING) Is it?

CONSTANCE:

Yes! And I can read one of them!! If we really work on it, this extra information could help us do it in weeks, or even days!

YCE:

(CONCERNED. COVERING) Oh. (BEAT) Well... most impressive, Mrs Clarke! (BEAT) Please, excuse me for a moment. I’ll be back shortly. (LYING) I need to send a message back to the compound, and the dust storm is interfering with my personal communicator.

CONSTANCE:

(BEAT — SHE'S ABSORBED BY THE SYMBOLS) Be my guest! I'll get to work here. Plenty to keep me busy — I'll probably be tied up for hours working on these! But we should make very rapid progress now. This is a wonderful find!

YCE:

(FAKING) So it seems. Good luck. See you very shortly!

HE LEAVES HER TO WORK.

34. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE – THE SPHERE

DOCTOR, FLORRIE AND AMMAR MOVE AGAINST A TIDE OF RUNNING, TERRIFIED WORKERS.

WORKERS:

Get out of here! / Get away! / It can't be him!! / What's the matter with him? / Run! Quickly! / Keep away from me!!

DOCTOR:

Excuse me! (BEAT) Please – stop! (BEAT) Won't ell me what's happening!

FLORRIE:

Doctor! Can it really be Wyke?

AMMAR:

(ACCELERATING PANIC) It can't be – we saw him earlier. He was dead! How can it be him?!

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. I can't get a sensible answer from any of the miners!

THREE MORE WORKERS RUN TOWARDS THEM.

FLORRIE:

(FIRMLY GRABBING A WORKER) STOP!

MINER #2:

Let me go!! Please!

FLORRIE:

Not until you tell us what's going on!

MINER #2:

It's that Professor Wyke – the dead one – he's beside the sphere!

DOCTOR:

Is he now?! What's he doing there...?

FLORRIE:

Trying to open it...?

MINER #2:

Who cares what he's doing? He's walking around like, like a zombie!!! Now please (SURGE OF EFFORT) Let me GO! (BREAKS FREE)

AMMAR:

I can't believe it!

DOCTOR:

Nor me, Ammar. Something very odd is going on. (BEAT. THOUGHTFUL) You're rather stronger than you look, Florrie – arresting such a burly chap like that..

FLORRIE:

I'll take that as a compliment, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Look, I suggest you two go back inside – get out of this storm, and try to raise Yce and Constance on the comms system. Get them back here as soon as possible!

FLORRIE:

Alright, Doctor. Then perhaps we should go to the stores and check for anything we could defend ourselves with?

DOCTOR:

('ODD') That seems a little premature. But I suppose it might be sensible.

AMMAR:

(WET. STROPPY) Are you suggesting we prepare for hand to hand combat with a zombie?! That is not in my employment contract!

FLORRIE:

Better safe than sorry!

DOCTOR:

Quite so (BEAT). I need to fetch something from my... conveyance, before I go to the sphere. I shall leave a note for Constance there too. Please – when you speak to her, will you tell her to go to there and read the note?

FLORRIE:

Of course! Let's go. (BEAT) Come on, Ammar!

SHE HAULS HIM WITH HER BY HIS SLEEVE.

AMMAR:

(DRAGGED) (CHILDLIKE MOAN) Oooooohhh.

THEY PART WAYS.

35. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

CONSTANCE IS ALONE, WORKING ON THE TRANSCRIPTION AND TRANSLATION.

CONSTANCE:

(SOTTO) I can read this, but... I know it's not English. (BEAT)
This must be the TARDIS' doing. Let's see now...

SHE EXAMINES THE STONE.

CONSTANCE:

Well, I was right about one thing. The inscriptions on the sphere are almost certainly a set of instructions... but not for a religious ceremony.

36. INT. THE SPHERE

LOW HUM. A STRANGE ENTRY CODER PULSE. SLIDING METAL AS THE SPHERE HATCHWAY OPENS. STORM OUTSIDE CAN BE HEARD.

MOANING AND WHISPERING TO HIMSELF, WYKE ENTERS. UNEVEN GAIT.

WYKE:

Back inside the sphere at last!

HE STAGGERS FURTHER IN.

WYKE:

Untouched for millennia...

HE ACCELERATES ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE SPHERE AND ALMOST COLLAPSES ONTO A PANEL IN THE CENTRE.

WYKE:

The machine will be ready soon. Electromitosis awaits. (BEAT) Hurry, Yce. (GROWLED) HURRY!

37. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR RUSHES IN.

DOCTOR:

(RIFILING THROUGH POCKETS. PATTING HIMSELF DOWN) Pen. Pen? Pen!
(BEAT) Ah ha!

HE SWIFTLY SCRAWLS A NOTE. HALF READING IT AS HE WRITES.

DOCTOR:

(MOSTLY UNINTELLIGIBLE) Dear Mrs Clarke. Read this carefully and follow my instructions to the letter. First – prime the telepathic circuits for a transmit and receive sequence – the orange and blue switches on the panel nearest the door.

FADING OUT.

38. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

CONSTANCE MAKES NOTES AND THINKS ALOUD.

CONSTANCE:

So, I suppose in that context – this would mean ‘deriving power for...’ For what? For... erm... ‘awakening’? No – ‘revival’!

YCE ARRIVES.

YCE:

And how are we getting on, Mrs Clarke?

CONSTANCE:

(REALLY QUITE ENTHUSED) Rather well actually, although I think you’ll be surprised by what these say. You see this section here? So far as I can tell, the sphere was built by some alien species that arrived here centuries ago. I can’t translate the word that names the species, but these instructions somehow allow for the revival of that species. Something about diverting an underground river? Are there any rivers here – underground or otherwise?

YCE APPROACHES AND STANDS DIRECTLY BEHIND HER.

CONSTANCE:

(CONT’D) Mister Yce? (SHE TURNS) Mister Yce!? That’s one of those artefacts, you’re holding, isn’t it?

YCE:

You are a clever one, aren’t you Mrs Clarke? I’m sorry to be so ungentlemanly about this...

YCE STRIKES HER AROUND THE BACK OF THE HEAD, KNOCKING HER OUT COLD.

CONSTANCE:

(STRUCK)

YCE:

... but you’ve got too close to the truth for comfort. (BEAT)
Now, let’s get you tied up, so you can be at the centre of the action!

YCE LUGS HER UP AGAINST A PILLAR.

39. INT. YCE'S OFFICE

FLORRIE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A COMMUNICATION TO AN UNKNOWN THIRD PARTY.

FLORRIE:

Look. I can't make this any clearer to you. Stay in orbit!

PHEENAN:

(BADLY DISTORTED) Commander Kohrbal is not satisfied with your latest status report, agent. We are en route.

FLORRIE:

No, no, no! Everything is under control. Any interruption now could ruin everything. Can't you see that?

PHEENAN:

(BADLY DISTORTED) The decision has been made.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ARRIVE OUTSIDE.

FLORRIE:

Someone's coming. But do not come to Teymah!

COMMS OFF. DOOR OPENS. IT'S AMMAR — PANTING, DISTRESSED.

AMMAR:

Miss Solomon! I was right! Yce — he's taken the artefacts from the store!! We must go after him!

FLORRIE:

Agreed. Come on, Ammar! We'll take a buggy. I'll drive!

THEY EXIT AT SPEED.

40. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE – CONSTANCE
POV

CONSTANCE COMES ROUND SLOWLY. YCE'S MONOLOGUE BECOMES GRADUALLY CLEARER.

YCE:

(WHILE CONCENTRATING. SETTING SOMETHING UP) What to do with the Doctor? Hmmmm. I suppose I'll have to dispose of him as well.

CONSTANCE:

(COMING ROUND. DISORIENTATED) Mr Yce? (BEAT) You... you hit me?
(FEELS THE PAIN)

YCE:

Welcome back, Mrs Clarke. I'm afraid, though, that this is goodbye.

CONSTANCE:

(STILL GETTING BEARINGS) And why is that?

YCE:

Take a look around you. Do you see these compact little boxes strapped onto the temple pillars?

CONSTANCE:

Yes...

YCE:

Monodistrionic explosives. Very destructive.

CONSTANCE:

What on Earth are you playing at? Explain yourself right now [or I shall call the Doctor]

YCE:

(INTERRUPTING) Shush now, Constance. (BEAT) It's a shame. In any other situation, I'd have offered you a job. (BEAT) Uh'gooby!

YCE ACTIVATES THE BOMBS, CLIMBS OUT OF THE DIG PIT AND SCARPERS. BEEPING OF MONODISTRONIC EXPLOSIVES.

CONSTANCE:

(STRAINS TO ESCAPE) Ugh... Oh dear. I really should have paid more attention to that escapology course at Bletchley. (GIVES UP STRAINING) Nothing else for it I suppose. (BEAT) HELP! Heeeeeelllp! Help me! Doctor!? Anyone?!

NOTHING.

CONSTANCE:

Oh well. It was worth a try.

IN THE DISTANCE THE BUGGY FIRES UP AND DRIVES AWAY.

CONSTANCE:

And there he goes. What a delightful host! (CONTINUES TRYING TO ESCAPE).

41. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

DOCTOR FINISHES HIS NOTE. LAST SCRIBBLES.

DOCTOR:

If all else fails, stay in the TARDIS. Good luck. (BEAT) P.S. Whatever you do, don't leave the TARDIS! (BEAT) P.P.S. I mean it!

PUTS DOWN PEN.

DOCTOR:

(CONT'D) There!

HE PLACES THE NOTE ON THE CONSOLE. AND TURNS TO LEAVE.

DOCTOR:

Oops! (TURNS ON HIS HEEL) I almost forgot you!

HE EJECTS THE MOBILE TELEPATHIC CIRCUIT FROM THE CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

I told Constance you'd come in handy at some point!

HE EXITS.

42. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

QUIET EXCEPT FOR A LIGHT WIND.

CONSTANCE:

(STRAINS AGAINST ROPE) They won't budge. (BEAT) Hello? (BEAT) Anyone?! (BEAT) Help! (BEAT) Help me, please!

DUST STORM BLOWS.

CONSTANCE:

Oh dear. This is all looking rather bleak.

43. INT. GALAXY 3 SPACECRAFT

ADVANCED ALIEN SHIP PREPS FOR FLIGHT. A NEW SOUNDSCAPE. SMALL CRAFT FOR A SMALL CREW.

KOHRBAL:

Well?

PHEENAN:

Sir, I can't raise her.

KOHRBAL:

Then the decision is made. How long to Teymah?

PHEENAN:

A little over four minutes, Sir.

KOHRBAL:

Proceed!

SHIP POWERS UP AND PUNCHES OFF INTO SPACE.

44. INT. THE SPHERE

WORKERS CAN STILL BE HEARD RUNNING AND SCREAMING OUTSIDE. WYKE IS IN THE SPHERE. VERY LOW RATE, LOW LEVEL ALIEN HUM CAN BE HEARD. WYKE CRACKLES WITH ENERGY AND NOW HAS A DISTORTED VOICE.

WYKE:

Hurry, Yce. The Ninexie require you to deliver on your promises.

WYKE BREATHES HEAVILY AS HE MOVES EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS AROUND THE SPHERE'S CENTRAL CHAMBER.

WYKE:

We were so close... but after that interminable wait, finally – it is our time.

EXTERIOR DOOR OPENS. CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS CAN BE HEARD. WYKE STOPS WHAT HE'S DOING AND FOCUSES ON THE INTRUDER.

WYKE:

Get out! Keep away! If you wish to live you will leave this place.

THE DOCTOR STEPS INTO THE CHAMBER.

DOCTOR:

Are those my only two options? (BEAT) I say, Professor Wyke. You're looking rather... peaky. You do know that you were dead earlier?

WYKE:

Enough, Doctor. Leave this place, or I shall destroy you.

DOCTOR:

I was rather hoping for a little more conversation, Wyke. You are Professor Wyke, aren't you?

WYKE:

As you said, Doctor. Wyke is dead. Now – GO!

DOCTOR:

Wyke is dead, and yet you know my name. (BEAT) So you – whatever you are – have access to Wyke's memories?

WYKE:

We have access to all of Wyke's memories.

DOCTOR:

A parasite? Is that what's in there? (BEAT) Yes! You – the creature I'm speaking to – you're using Wyke's corpse as a host – a temporary shell. (BEAT) Go on! (GAMESHOW STYLE) Introduce yourself! What's your name, and where do you come from? (BEAT)

WYKE:

(NOT AMUSED – GROWLS UNDER HIS BREATH)

DOCTOR:

(MAINTAINING OVERLY JOVIAL TONE) Alright, I'll start, if you're feeling shy. (CLEARS THROAT). I'm the Doctor, and I'm from Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous. My hobbies include...

WYKE:

(INTERRUPTING) Enough, Time Lord!

DOCTOR:

Ah, so you know Gallifrey?

WYKE:

The Ninexie know your race.

DOCTOR:

The Ninexie? Now, where have I heard that name before? You're not related to the Nix are you?

WYKE:

We are not, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Not terribly chatty, are you? – So, what is this sphere, then? What's its purpose? Obviously, it's not a ship. So if you're not trying to escape, then what are you up to? Fairly sparsely decorated... but this central console looks interesting. Some sort of generator, perhaps?

A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, SKID TO A HALT. GUN COCKED.

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

YCE:

Oh yes, Doctor. How good to see you again. (BEAT) I'll guard him, Wyke. You may continue with the procedure.

WYKE:

Is the secondary chamber prepared?

YCE:

Of course, I have the trigger device here.

HE HOLDS IT UP. IT'S LIVE. BEEPING.

DOCTOR:

I should have realised earlier about you, Yce. Far too smarmy to be one of the 'good guys'. (BEAT – SEES THE DETONATOR) Is that the trigger for a monodistronic charge?

YCE:

Very observant, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I try! (BEAT) And what exactly is it that you're blowing up, Yce? Monodistronic explosives are incredibly powerful...

YCE:

(SARCASTIC) That's a relief, Doctor. I was concerned they wouldn't be powerful enough to do the job!

DOCTOR:

Which is?

YCE:

To divert an underground river near the second dig site through the ancient channels that run beneath this structure.

DOCTOR:

But why, Yce?! (BEAT) Hang on – where's Constance?

WYKE:

Everything is ready, Yce. Now.

DOCTOR:

(CONCERNED/ANGRY) Where is Constance?!

YCE:

Oh, Doctor. You really should be more careful with your pets!

DOCTOR:

No! What have you done with her?!

YCE:

I'm afraid that poor Constance is about to be involved in a tragic accident. Shame she got so 'tied up' at the second dig site, but really – she only has herself to blame.

DOCTOR:

No, Yce, stop!

DOCTOR LUNGES TO GRAB DETONATOR BUT IS GRABBED BY WYKE. WYKE'S GRASP IS ELECTRICALLY CHARGED AND IS PAINFUL FOR THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Argh! (BEAT. CONFUSED) Ow. You shocked me, Wyke... an electric shock...!

WYKE:

I have him, Yce. Continue.

YCE:

Gladly (BEAT) Sorry, Doctor – but Mrs Clarke is out of time.

HE PRIMES THE DETONATOR. BEEP BEEP.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) No!!

45. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

DUST STORM BLOWS THROUGH THE SITE. THE BOMBS PRIME. ACTIVATION PIPS. FIVE. FOUR. THREE.

46. INT. THE SPHERE

DOCTOR:

(RESTRAINED AND IN PAIN) Yce! Whatever you're doing here, Constance isn't a threat to you! Please! Stop!

TWO. ONE. BOOM. EXPLOSION SHAKES THE SURFACE.

DOCTOR:

Yce! (WYKE'S GRIP TIGHTENS. DOCTOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES IN PAIN)

YCE:

Oh, shush now Doctor! It's too late. She's dead! ... And soon you will be, too!

HE CHUCKLES.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

(RESTRAINED AND IN PAIN) Yce! Whatever you're doing here, Constance isn't a threat to you! Please! Stop!

TWO. ONE. BOOM. EXPLOSION SHAKES THE SURFACE.

DOCTOR:

Yce! (WYKE'S GRIP TIGHTENS. DOCTOR DROPS TO HIS KNEES IN PAIN)

YCE:

Oh, shush now Doctor! It's too late. She's dead! ... And soon you will be, too!

CONTINUES INTO:

47. INT. THE SPHERE [CONTINUED]

DOCTOR:

(HEAVY HEARTED) Constance! (BEAT) But why, Yce? Why have you done this?

YCE:

The river we've diverted will flow under the sphere, powering it up using the Ninexie technology, and then I get my reward. (BEAT) Ah – I hear water!

STRANGE NOISE BECOMES APPARENT. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, IT'S CLEARLY RUNNING WATER. A HUGE UNDERGROUND RIVER IS SUDDENLY FLOWING BENEATH THE SPHERE. MACHINERY IN THE SPHERE BEGINS TO POWER UP.

WYKE:

Very good, Yce. The Doctor here has misled us – he is in fact, a Time Lord.

YCE:

A what?

DOCTOR:

An alien. An imposter, Yce. Very much like our friend Wyke here!

MACHINERY BECOMES MORE ACTIVE.

YCE:

Do be quiet, Doctor. I know he's a Ninexis now. What do you take me for? (BEAT) Wyke – when do we get the power?

WYKE:

Very soon. The new Ninexis progeny will be generated in a few minutes' time.

DOCTOR:

Yce... you knew that the revival of these... things... these parasites, would kill Wyke?!

YCE:

I had my suspicions. Even if you and your pet hadn't arrived, then I'd still have let Wyke initiate the ceremony. That's business, Doctor – if someone else can take the risk, but you still profit – that's the way to go!

DOCTOR:

What noble means.

YCE:

The means are not important. The result is all that matters!

DOCTOR:

And what result are you hoping for?

YCE:

What every being truly desires, Doctor. Absolute power over life and death!

DOCTOR:

This doesn't make any sense, Yce. Are you so blinded by your desire for power that you can't see what is actually happening here?!

YCE:

Do elaborate, Doctor! I'm fascinated. (YAWNS)

DOCTOR:

Well, I... haven't quite worked it out myself yet, but...

YCE:

Why doesn't that surprise me? From the moment I met you I could see your mouth moved far quicker than your brain, Doctor.

WYKE:

Enough! Both of you! The device is not working at full capacity. Assist me, Yce!

YCE:

I'm not really a hands-on sort of entrepreneur, Wyke.

DOCTOR:

The console in the centre? I'm not entirely familiar with the controls, but I think I can see how it works... What exactly is the device, Wyke?

WYKE:

A generator, Doctor. We need electricity to reproduce.

DOCTOR:

Electromitosis, eh? Fascinating. You know – I remember reading about it at the academy back on Gallifrey, but I've never met a lifeform that uses it to procreate.

YCE:

I'm glad we could assist with your continuing professional development, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Quite. Most kind. By the way – just from some brief observation, I'd say that your main issue is a corroded resistance nanomodulator.

WYKE:

And what would your solution be, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Well, it just so happens that I have a similar piece of technology in my pocket – I carry around all sorts of things you see...

YCE:

Obviously a trap, Doctor. A pathetic plan, from a pathetic man.

DOCTOR:

It's really not. (BEAT) I'm rather hoping if I can prove useful to you, you'll spare my life and not use me as a host body when the next Ninexis is... produced!

WYKE:

An interesting proposition, Doctor. (BEAT) Yce – find the device.

YCE:

Very well. Hands on your head, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(RAISING HANDS) Alright, alright. It's in...

YCE DIVES FOR HIS RIGHT POCKET.

DOCTOR:

(ALARMED) ... my left pocket!

YCE CHANGES POCKETS.

YCE:

And what am I looking for?

DOCTOR:

A small, cylindrical device...

YCE:

(TAKING SOMETHING OUT) This?

DOCTOR:

No – that's a yo-yo.

YCE DROPS THE YOYO AND TAKES SOMETHING ELSE OUT.

YCE:

This?

DOCTOR:

That's it. It should actually fit directly in line with that part of the circuit, Wyke.

WYKE:

Give it to me.

YCE:

But what if it's [a trap]

WYKE:

(INTERRUPTING) I'm not an idiot, Yce. I am myself electrical in nature. I can check its function by passing myself through it.

WYKE PASSES HIS ELECTROPARASITE THROUGH THE DEVICE. HE HISSES AND GROWLS AS THE PARASITE RUNS FROM HIS INDEX FINGERS TO THUMB. A FEW SPARKS. WHEN THE PARASITE RETURNS TO WYKE HE REACTS AND IS MORE BREATHLESS INITIALLY.

YCE:

Well?

WYKE:

He appears to be telling the truth. Thank you Doctor, you have been most helpful.

DOCTOR:

Well, I know when I'm beaten!

WYKE BEGINS FITTING THE ITEM. A FEW CLICKS AND SCRAPES. THE DEVICE POPS INTO PLACE. THE GENERATOR CONITNUES POWERING UP.

48. INT. GALAXY 3 SPACECRAFT

ADVANCED ALIEN SHIP IN FLIGHT. SMALL CRAFT FOR A SMALL CREW.

PHEENAN:

Commencing final approach, sir. I'll plot a landing course that avoids the debris and smoke from that blast.

KHORBAL:

Was that her? (BEAT) Explosions don't really seem her style.

PHEENAN:

It could have been. Her tracer suggests she is close to the location of the explosion.

KHORBAL:

Is she... err...

PHEENAN:

Alive? Yes, sir. She's moving away from the explosion location back towards the sphere.

KHORBAL:

Shame. Would have made things a little more... neat.

PHEENAN:

Sir?

KHORBAL:

Never mind. Take the ship down as soon as you're ready – as close to the sphere as you can. We need to finish this.

SHIP FLIES PAST.

49. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

FIRES CRACKLE AND BURN. DEBRIS IS STILL FALLING.

AMMAR:

(CLEARLY CONCERNED. COUGHING) Constance? (BEAT) Constance!!

FLORRIE:

(COUGHING) Don't worry Ammar, she's fine. As am I – thank you for asking! (BEAT) We got her out just in time.

CONSTANCE:

(COMES ROUND ABRUPTLY. COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING) Ammar! Florrie!? (CATCHING HER BREATH) What on Earth? (SEES DESTRUCTION) What!? What happened?

FLORRIE:

You don't remember? Ammar and I got to you just in time, moments before the charges went off.

CONSTANCE:

You did?

AMMAR:

You hit your head when we dived for cover. But you're safe now. Come, we need to get back to the buggy.

AS THEY STAGGER TO BUGGY:

CONSTANCE:

It was Yce. He led me here. He knocked me out. He tried to kill me!

FLORRIE:

I'm sorry, Constance. I should have stopped him sooner.

CONSTANCE:

What?! You knew... what he was planning?

FLORRIE:

Not quite. It's complicated. Anyway – you have Ammar to thank. He alerted me.

THEY STOP.

AMMAR:

I was worried about you, Constance. I discovered Yce had taken explosives from storage, so I alerted Florrie. We found Yce's buggy and observed from a distance. But we knew if I tried to stop Yce, he would have killed us.

FLORRIE:

Or at least, he'd have tried...

AMMAR:

We had to let him think he hadn't been seen. I'm sorry!

CONSTANCE:

Sorry?! Ammar, I really couldn't be more grateful. Thank you, both of you.

AMMAR:

(VERY EMBARRASSED) I couldn't let anything happen to you, Constance.

FLORRIE:

(GENTLY CLEARS THROAT)

AWKWARD SILENCE.

CONSTANCE:

Yes. Well, thank you. Really. I mean it. (BEAT) Anyway – what's going on? What's Yce playing at? And where's the Doctor?

FLORRIE:

He's in the Sphere with Wyke. Yce too, I expect. We have to get back there!

THE GALAXY 3 SHIP FLIES OVERHEAD DISRUPTING THE CONVERSATION.
IT FADES AND HEADS IN TO LAND THROUGH:

CONSTANCE:

Gosh! Another spaceship?

AMMAR:

Strange...

FLORRIE:

(COVERING) Ah, I think Lyam mentioned some other visitors, so. Yes – it's probably them.

AMMAR:

OK – let's get back to the sphere. We'll fill you in on what we know on the way, Constance! Some interesting information has come to light. We'll take the buggy.

AMMAR RUSHES AROUND AND TRIES TO START THE BUGGY. IT FAILS TO FIRE UP.

FLORRIE:

Yes, and I have a confession to make... but [let's]!

AMMAR:

Dammit!! There is dust clogging the engines. From the explosion. It won't start!

CONSTANCE:

Well, then – we'll have to walk back, I suppose.

THEY HEAD FOR THE DOME THROUGH THE SAND.

50. INT. THE SPHERE

MACHINERY SOUNDS IN BETTER NICK NOW. POWERING UP MORE CLEANLY.

WYKE:

Very good, Doctor! Your assistance will not go unrewarded.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I require no reward. But I would like to understand a little more about what's going on here..

WYKE:

Very well. Yce will benefit from a little education too, I think.

YCE:

Pfffffftt. If we must.

INTO NARRATED FLASHBACK – 'DREAMY'.

WYKE:

Three thousand years ago, I landed here in a colonisation pod.

POD THUNDERS THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE AND STRIKES THE GROUND ON TEYMAH.

WYKE:

It has always been the Ninexie way to launch these pods, and it is a noble thing to be chosen to travel and extend the Ninexie reach into the universe.

SOUNDS OF INTERSTELLAR WAR. LASER FIRE. SHIPS. EXPLOSIONS. SPARKS. LIGHTENING. HISSING. SCREAMING.

WYKE:

An attempted invasion and subsequent interstellar war led to a dramatic increase in our rate of emigration. (BEAT) After almost a hundred years in transit – my pod struck the surface of Teymah.

POD FIRES THROUGH THE ATMSOPHERE AND HITS THE GROUND. AS THE SMOKE AND DEBRIS CLEARS, AND WITH THE PASSING OF TIME:

TEYMAHRIANS:

What is it? / A gift from the gods? / Don't go near it! / Keep away! / Argh! It's hot!! Hotter than the sun! / Get the master Shayman! / etc.

TEYMAHRIANS GATHER AROUND THE POD AS IT HISSES AND CRACKLES. AS IT OPENS THE NINEXIS 'JUMPS' OUT AND TAKES OVER ONE OF THE PEOPLE. OTHERS RUN IN FEAR.

WYKE:

I found a host upon landing, but the primitive people of this world had prophesised the arrival of a god... (SELF OBSESSED. HAMMILY PUNCTUATED) I was that god!

PRIMITIVE CHANTING AROUND A FIRE. ANIMAL SKIN DRUM IN TIME.

TEYMAHRIANS:

Hah-va nay. Tey-ma ra. Hah-va nay. Tey-ma ra.

WYKE:

But our method of colonisation requires a certain level of technical and scientific ability on the part of the existing civilisation, but Teymah was too primitive. My only recourse was to use the Teymahrians as hosts, and attempt to accelerate their scientific development.

51. INT. GALAXY 3 SPACECRAFT

FINAL PART OF LANGING. LANDED AND POWERING DOWN.

PHEENAN:

Does this Ninexis know that its world has been destroyed?

KOHRBAL:

Extremely unlikely, but we can't risk young 'Florrie' breaking the news to it.

PHEENAN:

What if she does?

KOHRBAL:

We have to make sure that, whatever happens – the Ninexis is destroyed.

PHEENAN:

How do we do that?

KOHRBAL:

Prime the ship's self-destruct mechanism.

PHEENAN:

Sir?

KOHRBAL:

Just an insurance policy, Pheenan. Should we fail to destroy the Ninexis, or if it has already started reproducing then we destroy the ship – destroying the Ninexis sphere and any potential hosts for for more of them.

PHEENAN:

(PANICKED) Sir?!

KOHRBAL:

I thought you were dedicated to the cause, Pheenan?

PHEENAN:

I am, sir, but there must be nearly a hundred people at this site – they'll all be killed.

KOHRBAL:

A small price to pay to complete our mission – wouldn't you agree? (BEAT) Good – come along! Bring the remote, and the cage.

PHEENAN:

(SIGHS) Yes. Sir.

THEY EXIT.

52. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE – SECOND DIG SITE

THEY MOVE QUICKLY THROUGH THE SAND.

CONSTANCE:

But then this... creature... used its power to form a cult around itself? I saw some references to that in the temple inscriptions!

AMMAR:

That is what the legends appear to say.

FLORRIE:

It's much more than a legend, Ammar.

CONSTANCE:

But then somehow this cult caused the extinction of the entire Teymahrian race? It seems a little unlikely.

AMMAR:

The Teyhmarian writings only go so far before mentions of the god and his cult begin to disappear, and then only the inscriptions remain – the ones you've been trying to translate.

CONSTANCE:

I see. And where do you come in to all this, Florrie? I'm none the wiser about you and your role.

FLORRIE:

There's no easy way to say this, but I'm afraid I've been misleading you. I'm not just some gold digger – I'm a secret agent working for the Galaxy Three intelligence agency. I've been undercover for the last year, observing Yce.

AMMAR AND CONSTANCE STOP. FLORRIE TAKES THREE MORE STEPS.

AMMAR:

What?!

CONSTANCE:

Goodness me.

FLORRIE STOPS AND TURNS BACK TO THEM.

FLORRIE:

Sorry, Ammar. I hated lying to you. I know you're one of the good guys... but I had my orders, and I couldn't compromise my position.

CONSTANCE:

And what exactly is the purpose of your mission?

53. INT. THE SPHERE

WYKE:

I made as much progress as I could, but Teymahrian physiology is weak... the bodies brittle and short-lived. As hosts they would only last days... sometimes only hours.

TEYMAHRIAN WOMAN DIES. NINEXIES LEAPS TO ANOTHER HOST.

WYKE:

I tried to complete my mission – to generate power to drive my own electromitosis, but this pathetic planet was too primitive. The people too backward and barbaric.

THE DOCTOR INTERRUPTS SNAPPING WYKE OUT OF FLASHBACK.

DOCTOR:

Barbaric?! Primitive? Who are you – or the Ninexie for that matter – to judge and destroy civilisations?

WYKE:

(ANGERED) I did not destroy them, Doctor. They destroyed themselves! The backward fools would no longer follow me. Would not assist me. It was only a matter of time until I had no more hosts.

DOCTOR:

You wiped out all of them? Single-handedly? Leaping from host to host... tens of millions of them, in order to allow your own procreation? Using them up as if they were disposable shells?

WYKE:

Their bodies were weak, and their minds even weaker.

DOCTOR:

But this is genocide – on the most obscene and monstrous scale. A single being wiping out an entire civilisation.

WYKE:

I was a god! I had absolute power over all my subjects! Over their lives... and deaths.

YCE:

And you will have that power again! We will have it again!

DOCTOR:

Yce! Listen to what Wyke is saying. All the things that happened to the ancient Teymahrians... it will happen all over again, unless we do something to stop it now.

YCE:

Oh no, Doctor. I have too much invested in this. I will have what has been promised to me. And if you are not with us – then you are against us, and your body will make as good a host as any!

54. EXT. YCE MINING CORP SITE

AMMAR AND CONSTANCE RUN (QUICK JOG) BACK TOWARDS THE SPHERE.

CONSTANCE:

Are you telling me that Yce's interest in the occult was sufficient to launch some kind of undercover investigation?

FLORRIE:

It was far more than that. Whatever he'd found here on Teymah, he didn't want anyone else to get at it. He bought exclusive mining rights in perpetuity from the Ursa Aquarii senate, so we knew he was after something very special...

AMMAR:

Something that would give him more power than anyone else in the galaxy...

FLORRIE:

That's what he seems to think.

55. INT. THE SPHERE

DOCTOR:

So, with no more hosts, you were forced to return to your spore – the artefacts?

WYKE:

To lie dormant for two thousand years, while remaining conscious throughout.

DOCTOR:

Not much fun, I'll grant you. But you were so close! You managed to rally your cult into constructing this sphere as a means of your reproduction. So close... and yet so far!

WYKE:

Correct, Doctor. The most painful aspect of the entire process was the fact that I was mere days away from completing my mission... but with no more host bodies left; I was unable to reproduce. I saw no option but to make the inscriptions in the last days in my host body... it was too weak to do anything else. (BEAT) It was one of the most tortuous and dreadful decisions... to consign myself to a potential forever of loneliness...

DOCTOR:

In the hope that one day, someone would come to your rescue? (BEAT) And then... Mister Yce. Your white knight!

WYKE:

Indeed. So you see, Doctor – why there is no chance I will let anything stand in the way of my reproduction, and colonisation of this planet.

DOCTOR:

But there is another way. I can help you. You don't need to stay trapped here! If you'll just let me deactivate the machinery –

YCE:

Grab him, Wyke!

THE DOCTOR STRIDES FORWARDS TO DEACTIVATE THE MACHINERY, BUT IS GRABBED BY WYKE.

WYKE:

(EFFORT) Leave the machinery be, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(MANHANDLED) There's really no need for this. Either of you.

WYKE RELAXES HIS GRIP.

DOCTOR:

Thank you! It's rather uncomfortable when you do that, you know!

YCE:

Can we get on? I went to some considerable expense to get this all set up, and I'm eager to get my reward.

DOCTOR:

Yce! I really don't think the reward you seek is what you will receive!!

56. EXT. THE TARDIS

CONSTANCE, AMMAR AND FLORRIE ARRIVE AT THE TARDIS.

AMMAR:

This must be it. The Doctor's 'conveyance'.

CONSTANCE:

His TARDIS, yes. It doesn't look like he's here... What now? Does someone have a plan? Perhaps we should all go in to the Sphere to confront Yce.

AMMAR:

The Doctor asked us to bring you here. He said he had left you a message.

CONSTANCE:

Did he? Very well. (FX: PRODUCES KEY) Come on then, both of you.

AMMAR:

It looks a little small for three of us.

FLORRIE:

I'm going on to the Sphere. Now we've gathered enough evidence for a prosecution, I need to complete my mission – and arrest Yce.

CONSTANCE:

Single-handed? Is that a good idea?

FLORRIE:

Constance – as an agent of the Galaxy Three secret service, I trained for seven years in intergalactic espionage, hand-to-hand combat, [firearms handling]

CONSTANCE:

(INTERRUPTING) I'll take your word for it.

FLORRIE:

If something should go wrong – it was a pleasure meeting you, Constance.

FLORRIE HEADS OFF.

AMMAR:

Good luck, Miss Solomon.

TARDIS DOOR OPENED.

CONSTANCE:

Come along, Ammar.

AMMAR:

After you, dear Constance.

CONSTANCE:

Very well.

THEY ENTER. INTO:

57. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

CONSTANCE AND AMMAR ENTER.

AMMAR:

Ah! Eh? Whaaa?

DOORS CLOSE.

CONSTANCE:

I should have warned you. It's bigger on the inside than one might expect. All rather strange, don't ask me to explain.

(BEAT) Now... (SEARCHING) Where's this message?

58. EXT. THE SPHERE

SPHERE HUM BUILDING. LIGHT DUST STORM AGAIN. FLORRIE WALKS TOWARDS IT AND STOPS TO CONTEMPLATE WHAT SHE IS ABOUT TO DO.

FLORRIE:

(SOTTO) A two year mission... and here we are. At the final hurdle. I wonder how my [poor fiancé will react]

SHE IS DISTURBED BY TWO SETS OF HEAVY ALIEN FOOTSTEPS WHICH ARRIVE BEHIND HER AND SPINS AROUND.

KOHRBAL:

Agent Floranta!

FLORRIE:

Commander Kohrbal! (BEAT) Pheenan – I told you not to come here!

PHEENAN:

Sorry [Floranta]

KOHRBAL:

(INTERRUPTING) This was not Pheenan's decision, or yours. Since you have so clearly failed the original mission, we were forced to intervene.

FLORRIE:

Everything is on track, Kohrbal. I told you I'd need more time!

KOHRBAL:

By the look and sound of this Ninexie sphere, agent, it looks like time is running out.

FLORRIE:

So, what are you going to do? Go in and blast everyone?

KOHRBAL:

You know me too well. You've failed to capture the primary Ninexis, and as you know only too well they are far too dangerous to be allowed to wonder freely.

FLORRIE:

So the only other option is to destroy it?

KOHRBAL:

Precisely.

FLORRIE:

No! If you do that, you're no better than them! I won't allow it!

SHE BEGINS RUNNING TOWARDS TO THE SPHERE.

KOHRBAL:

How tiresome. (LOW EFFORT TO SHOUT AFTER HER) Stop!
Immediately. (TO HIMSELF) Oh, what's the use?

DRAWS AN ENERGY WEAPON AND FIRES A SINGLE SHOT. FLORRIE IS HIT.

FLORRIE:

Ugh!

SHE COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND, HITTING IT HARD.

PHEENAN:

Sir! I could have just arrested her!

KOHRBAL:

Too risky. Capture allows for escape, whereas death? Death is more reliable. Come along Pheenan – time to end this.

THEY HEAD TOWARDS THE SPHERE.

59. INT. THE SPHERE

POWER CHARGING. ALMOST REACHED ITS PEAK.

WYKE:

Guard the Doctor, Yce. I must attend to the apparatus.

YCE RAISES A GUN. WYKE GOES TO ATTEND TO THE CHARGING DEVICE.

YCE:

Do stand still, Doctor. I really don't want to have to shoot you.

DOCTOR:

I really don't want you to, either. (BEAT) So, Wyke. Do tell me – what happens next? Electromitosis, I presume?

WYKE:

(SLIGHTLY DISTRACTED) As the primary Ninexis on this planet, this apparatus will allow for the generation of the necessary power for me to reproduce – by splitting my very being in two. Within days enough Ninexie will exist to begin colonisation... of this entire solar system.

YCE:

And beyond. In days, I'll own the galaxy!

DOCTOR:

I very much doubt that, Yce. I rather suspect that for you, the outcome all this will prove extremely disappointing.

YCE:

No, Doctor. I made a deal with the Ninexis. Unique access to Ninexie technology – to their unique ability! The commercial possibilities are endless. Living electricity – near-perpetual, self-generating – with a spark to catalyse things, and sentient too! Yes, it's no exaggeration to say I'll be the most powerful man in the galaxy. No, no wait... (BEAT) the universe!

DOCTOR:

Delusional. I knew you were power-mad Yce, but it's even worse than that. The promise of absolute power – making you absolutely corrupt. (SOTTO) Hmmm. I might use that again one day.

YCE:

Tell him, Wyke! Tell him that I'm right, that this is all part of the plan!

WYKE:

(DISMISSIVE. PATRONISING) Yes, yes Yce. You are part of the plan. Don't worry. You will not go unrewarded.

DOCTOR:

This is all very well in theory, Wyke. But you... your electroparasite... left this planet dead and desolate... there is no population or civilisation for you to use as hosts, or to produce the power you need!

WYKE:

No matter. There are civilised planets nearby.

DOCTOR:

But at this very moment there is a mass evacuation taking place! You'll have no means to travel anywhere!

WYKE:

Doctor, you present me with a problem, but also a solution.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

WYKE:

Indeed. Once Yce becomes host to the next Ninexis, you will become a third host. Your conveyance will become our method of transport.

DOCTOR:

Oh. I wish I'd not said anything now.

YCE:

Hang on... host? Me? That was never the deal!

THE POWER BUILDS TO THE FINAL PEAK.

WYKE:

Plans change, Yce. The Ninexie thank you for your assistance.

SWITCH FLIPPED. SPARKS FLY. YCE IS TAKEN OVER.

YCE:

(SCREAMS IN AGONY)

AS THIS HAPPENS KOHRBAL AND PHEENAN ENTER. WEAPONS DRAWN AND POWERED UP.

PHEENAN:

Hands up, all of you.

KHORBAL:

Move and you're dead.

POWER CUTS. YCE COLLAPSES. SILENT.

WYKE:

Two more hosts? This is working out better than I could possibly have planned.

DOCTOR:

Who the devil are you? Get out now! Before it's too late.

KOHRBAL:

Oh do be quiet, Sir. This is official business. (BEAT) Oh, dear. What a shame. Too late to arrest Mister Yce... you creatures really are vile. Using and ditching host bodies. (BEAT) Pheenan – confirm electroparasitic status.

PHEENAN:

Confirmed sir – primary Ninexis is in this host body.

DOCTOR:

You know about these creatures?! Who are you?

WYKE:

Silence, Doctor! (BEAT) I sense... you're from Galaxy Three.

KOHRBAL:

I see a couple of thousand years of isolation hasn't dulled your senses.

DOCTOR:

Galaxy Three?! Of course!

PHEENAN:

You know of us?

DOCTOR:

Of course, of course, of course! (BEAT) How could I have not realised sooner! (BEAT) You're from Wrechon Four, aren't you? You fought the nine-hundred year war against the Ninexie!

KOHRBAL:

Very good, (REMEMBERING THE NAME) 'Doctor' – your knowledge of intergalactic history is impressive.

WYKE:

What do you know, Doctor? Enlighten us.

DOCTOR:

Of course – you've been here so long you won't know be up to speed. I'm afraid that the warring civilisation you left... no longer exists.

WYKE:

What?!

DOCTOR:

And these two are here as part of the clean-up crew from the victorious planet – Wrechon Four. They are known throughout Galaxy Three... as the genocide squad.

60. INT. THE TARDIS

CONSTANCE MOVES DEFTLY AROUND THE CONSOLE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

CONSTANCE:

Terrible handwriting! Argh. You don't make things easy do you dear Doctor? Can you read this Ammar?

AMMAR:

I can try! (TAKES PAPER) Errrr.

CONSTANCE:

Start at number nine. I've done the first eight.

AMMAR:

Alright. On the panel with the large... err, crystal? Use the bottom left blue controls to activate the telepathic extender.

CONSTANCE:

Done.

AMMAR:

Next connect the Heisenberg Focusing Device to to the extender system using the keypad below the monitor on the same panel in the following sequence... are you ready?

CONSTANCE:

Errr... Yes! Ready. (BEAT) Thank you, Ammar. I couldn't do this without you.

AMMAR:

Anything for you, Constance.

AWKWARD.

CONSTANCE:

Yes, well... quite. (BEAT) Right! We're almost ready for you Doctor... good luck, whatever it is that you're up to. What's the sequence?

61. INT. THE SPHERE – DOCTOR’S POV

FROM PREVIOUS SCENE:

CONSTANCE:

We're almost ready for you Doctor... good luck, whatever it is that you're up to.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Not yet, Constance... Wait!

62. INT. THE TARDIS

ECHOING THROUGH TARDIS, FROM PREVIOUS SCENE:

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Not yet, Constance... Wait!

CONSTANCE:

Something's wrong...

AMMAR:

What do you mean? Did we skip a step in the instructions?

CONSTANCE:

No, no. I don't mean it like that. I feel... anxious, frustrated... like something has wrong-footed me... or perhaps like another solution is in front of me?

AMMAR:

What has wrong-footed you? What solution?

CONSTANCE:

Well, no, not me – the Doctor. I'm not sure.

AMMAR:

The Doctor?!

CONSTANCE:

Don't worry. It's complicated. But something's wrong – we need to go back outside.

AMMAR:

But the instructions specifically say...

CONSTANCE:

I know. But I get the feeling that even the Doctor didn't anticipate whatever has happened here... Come on!

TARDIS DOORS OPEN. THEY EXIT.

63. INT. THE SPHERE

THINGS ARE HEATING UP IN THE SPHERE.

WYKE:

My people are dead? My world... is dead?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so.

KOHRBAL:

All very sad, but you can see, Doctor – how dangerous these Ninexie are? Believing it's their right to destroy planets – to render whole species extinct?

WYKE:

And how is that any different to what you intend to do?

DOCTOR:

My thoughts precisely. What makes you think you have the right?

KOHRBAL:

The destruction of one species to save hundreds – or even thousands of others Doctor. How can you doubt it?

DOCTOR:

This is all sounding painfully familiar.

KOHRBAL:

I have full authority from the Galaxy Three parliamentary committee to imprison or kill anyone who stands in the way of our mission, Doctor. (BEAT) So, are you with us, or against us?

DOCTOR:

I've already heard that line today... it's getting rather tiresome.

64. EXT. THE SPHERE

AMMAR AND CONSTANCE RUN TOWARDS THE SPHERE BUT SPOT FLORRIE FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT.

AMMAR:

Constance! Over there!

CONSTANCE:

What is it Am[mar] (SPOTS FLORRIE) Oh goodness me!

THEY RUN OVER TO THE BODY.

AMMAR:

(CROUCHING DOWN) Miss Florrie?! Are you alright?

FLORRIE:

(GROANS)

CONSTANCE:

Don't worry, we're here. What happened? Did you find the Doctor?

FLORRIE:

(NOT QUITE WITH IT) He shot me!

AMMAR:

Who?

CONSTANCE:

The Doctor shot you?!

FLORRIE:

No, no! My... boss...

AMMAR:

Yce?

FLORRIE:

(GETTING UP) No! Ugh. Thank goodness I was wearing this.

SHE UNBUCKLES A DEVICE AROUND HER WAIST AND STRIPS AWAY THE KIT THROWING IT ON THE GROUND

CONSTANCE:

What's that? A belt?

FLORRIE:

A little side project of mine... a Ninexis-resistant capacitor belt. It absorbed the shot from Khorbal's weapon. But now it's busted. Useless. (BEAT) Argh! This wasn't supposed to happen.

CONSTANCE:

What wasn't? Who's Khorbal? This is all [very confusing]

FLORRIE:

Very confusing, yes, I'm sure. (DUSTING HERSELF DOWN) Look – we already know that we don't have much time, and if I know Khorbal, then...

AMMAR:

Then what?

FLORRIE:

Quickly! We have to get to their ship. I'll explain the rest on the way!

65. INT. THE SPHERE

AT THE START OF THIS SCENE YCE IS STARTING TO COME ROUND/BE REVIVED BY HIS NINEXIS PARASITE.

KOHRBAL:

The choice is quite simple, Ninexis. Get into the cage.

DOCTOR:

What is that? Some sort of mobile prison?

PHEENAN:

Precisely, Doctor. An electrical cage designed specifically for the Ninexie. It can store up to six individual Ninexie for up to one hundred days without any chance of their escape.

HE PLACES THE CAGE ON THE FLOOR, POWERS UP AND OPENS THE SMALL CUBOID.

DOCTOR:

And after a hundred days?

PHEENAN:

The cage self-destructs – for safety purposes.

KHORBAL:

Get in the cage, Ninexis!

WYKE:

And if I refuse?

KOHRBAL:

Then I will simply destroy your host with this weapon.

COCKS AND CHARGES WEAPON.

PHEENAN:

Please, Ninexis. Get in the cage.

DOCTOR:

You seem to have missed a rather obvious point here...

YCE:

(INTAKE OF BREATH AND A SHORT SHARP MOAN)

KOHRBAL:

And that is?

YCE:

(GETTING UP AND LUNGING TOWARDS KOHRBAL) There are two Ninexie here!

THE TWO STRUGGLE. YCE SURGING WITH ENERGY. HE STRANGLES KHORBAL.

PHEENAN:

Stop! By the authority of Galaxy Three's parliamentary— Oh, forget it.

PHEENAN COCKS HER WEAPON. FIRES. YCE IS HIT.

YCE:

Argh!

YCE IS DEAD AND ROLLS OFF KOHRBAL, WHO IS ALREADY MORTALLY WOUNDED.

KOHRBAL:

(STRUGGLING TO BREATHE) Thank you, Pheenan. Better late than never... We can't take any more risks.

PHEENAN:

Please, Commander Kohrbal, sir... I don't want to die.

KOHRBAL ACTIVATES THE REMOTE SELF-DESTRUCT TRIGGER.

KOHRBAL:

It's done. I'm sorry, soldier. (DIES)

66. INT. GALAXY 3 SHIP

FLORRIE, CONSTANCE, AND AMMAR CRASH UP THE GANGWAY INTO THE SMALL SHIP.

CONSTANCE:

We're not going anywhere, are we?

FLORRIE:

Not if I can... (SEES PRIMED SELF-DESTRUCT) (FRUSTATED) Gah! No!

AMMAR:

Problem?

CONSTANCE:

They've primed the self-destruct mechanism.

AMMAR:

Then shouldn't we get out of here?

FLORRIE:

Unless you have a way of getting us off the planet, then there's no point.

CONSTANCE:

What?!

FLORRIE:

This ship isn't just a ship..

THE SELF-DESTRUCT ACTIVATED.

COMPUTER:

Ship self-destruct activated. Detonation in ninety seconds.

67. INT. THE SPHERE

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP FROM CHECKING BODIES) Yce and the Commander are dead. Still, I suppose it could have been worse.

PHEENAN:

It is worse.

WYKE:

You – the Commander's underling. What did you mean, about not wanting to die?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I wondered that myself.

PHEENAN:

Our ship isn't just a flight vessel. It's a bomb. A category nine destruction rig. The Commander primed its self-destruct, as he died.

DOCTOR:

Oh, no...

PHEENAN:

In just over sixty seconds' time, it'll explode – taking half this planet with it!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

WYKE:

You – the Commander's underling. What did you mean, about not wanting to die?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I wondered that myself.

PHEENAN:

Our ship isn't just a flight vessel. It's a bomb. A category nine destruction rig. The Commander primed its self-destruct, as he died.

DOCTOR:

Oh, no...

PHEENAN:

In just over sixty seconds' time, it'll explode - taking half this planet with it!

SCENE CONTINUES:

68. INT. THE SPHERE [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

Well, can't you shut it off?

WYKE:

Yes, disarm it. At once!

PHEENAN:

I can't. Not from here. (RESIGNED) The mission will be completed.

WYKE:

No!!!

69. INT. GALAXY 3 SPACECRAFT

INSISTENT SELF DESTRUCT PIPS WITH WARNINGS EVERY FIFTEEN SECONDS. DRAMATIC PRESSURISED MUSIC BED.

CONSTANCE:

Well, how do we disable it?

FLORRIE:

It's not really designed to be disabled.

AMMAR:

What?!

FLORRIE:

The kill switch can be activated from here..

CONSTANCE:

Alright, but...?

FLORRIE:

We don't have the code to disable it.

AMMAR:

Oh.

CONSTANCE:

Right. Well, I've already survived one explosion today – thanks to you two... so now, it's my turn to return the favour.

FLORRIE:

You'll never break the code in time.

CONSTANCE:

I'm good at this sort of thing. Bletchley training. Bring up the necessary screen.

FLORRIE DOES SO WITH A FEW TAPS.

FLORRIE:

There. Good luck!

CONSTANCE:

I'll need it.

SHE BEGINS TYPING IN SEQUENCES. FAIL SOUND. MORE TAPS. ANOTHER FAIL.

70. INT. THE SPHERE

DOCTOR:

This device the commander was holding, Pheenan – it's the trigger for the self-destruct, I take it?

PHEENAN:

Yes. Doctor, there's nothing to be done!

DOCTOR:

There's always something to be done! These lights, flashing in sequence – what do they mean?

PHEENAN:

Someone's trying to crack the access code, in the ship.

DOCTOR:

Constance! It must be!

PHEENAN:

She can't succeed!

DOCTOR:

The code, Pheenan. Give me the code!

PHEENAN:

Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine. But you can't over-ride it from here!

DOCTOR:

I don't need to. (LIKE A MANTRA) Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine. Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine. Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine.

CROSS TO:

71. INT. GALAXY 3 SPACECRAFT

FIFTEEN SECONDS TO GO. CONSTANCE TYPES IN ANOTHER SET OF CODES.
NEGATIVE SOUND.

FLORRIE:

Twenty seconds! Nineteen! Eighteen! (CONTINUES COUNTING DOWN
SECONDS THROUGH:)

AMMAR:

Constance! Please tell me you're making progress!

CONSTANCE:

I'm trying...!

DOCTOR:

(ETHEREAL) Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine.

CONSTANCE:

What? Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

(ETHEREAL) Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine.

AMMAR:

Constance, the Doctor isn't here...

CONSTANCE:

(TYPING - BEAT FOR BEAT) Gamma, Gamma, Three, Delta, Nine.

BIG POSITIVE SOUND. COUNTDOWN ABORTED.

FLORRIE:

You've done it! But how...?

CONSTANCE:

It just came to me.

AMMAR:

Goodness me. I thought we were done for!

CONSTANCE:

To tell you the truth, so did I.

AMMAR:

Eh?

CONSTANCE:

I was only shamming, Ammar. I could no more decipher that
cryptogram in ninety seconds than I could grow wings and fly.
But I thought it'd be better if the two of you died in hope,
rather than terror.

AMMAR:

Then... how?

CONSTANCE:

I told you, it just came to me. But I'm sure the Doctor would relish the opportunity to explain the matter further.

FLORRIE:

The Doctor, yes. We should get to the sphere!

CONSTANCE:

Agreed. Come on!

THEY SCRAMBLE TO EXIT THE CRAFT.

72. INT. THE SPHERE

WYKE:

The self-destruct has been aborted!

DOCTOR:

Well, fancy that. Mrs Clarke must have cracked the code in the nick of time. Clever old Constance. She was at Bletchley Park, you know.

WYKE:

(SUSPICIOUS) You are hiding something, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

I can't imagine what you mean.

DEAD YCE IS THRASHING ABOUT.

PHEENAN:

Something's happening to Yce's corpse!

DOCTOR:

It's convulsing. Oh, no.

WYKE:

The Ninexis inside him needs a new host to survive!

YCE'S BODY CONVULSES AS THE SECONDARY NINEXIS LEAVES THE BODY AND TAKES PHEENAN AS ITS NEXT HOST.

DOCTOR:

Pheenan! Get out, quickly!

PHEENAN:

(PAINED; COLLAPSING)

PHEENAN HITS THE DECK. HUMMING WITH ENERGY.

WYKE:

She now hosts a Ninexis too.

DOCTOR:

There was no need for that!

WYKE:

The Ninexie will survive! Soon, electromitosis will begin again. Your Mrs Clarke will make an excellent host.

DOCTOR:

And then what? Once you've taken the bodies of Mrs Clarke and I, and those of any last remaining stragglers on the surface – what happens then?

WYKE:

That's up to you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I see. You want to make a deal with me, I suppose? So you can escape Teymah, and head off into space?

WYKE:

What a fascinating idea. Go on, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Alright. Alright, I know when I'm beaten. I will give you safe passage back to your home world, and sufficient materials to reseed the Ninexie race.

WYKE:

How?

DOCTOR:

In my TARDIS. We can be there within minutes.

WYKE:

A time and space travel machine?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. On one condition.

WYKE:

What condition?

DOCTOR:

That you travel in the Galaxy Three agents' cage, and agree to remain there until we have arrived at our agreed destination.

WYKE:

An interesting proposition, Doctor.

73. EXT. THE SPHERE

THE THREE PAD THROUGH THE SAND TOWARDS THE SPHERE. CONSTANCE STOPS SUDDENLY.

FLORRIE:

Constance! Come on!

CONSTANCE:

No.

AMMAR:

What do you mean "No"?! The Doctor needs our help.

CONSTANCE:

No. He doesn't. Well. He does. I... I can't explain it, but Ammar and I need to go back to the TARDIS. Now.

AMMAR:

(EXCITED TO BE SPENDING MORE TIME WITH CONSTANCE) You're probably right, Constance.

CONSTANCE:

Florrie – I'm sorry, I just know that right now that's where the Doctor needs me. Are you alright to carry on to the sphere without us?

FLORRIE:

You do what you need to do, Constance. I guess the Doctor and I will meet you back at the TARDIS... if he's still alive.

CONSTANCE:

Oh, he is. And I do believe he needs your help too!

FLORRIE:

OK, then. Let's split up. Good luck!

CONSTANCE:

And to you!

THEY SEPARATE LEFT AND RIGHT. FOLLOW CONSTANCE AND AMMAR AS THEY JOG.

AMMAR:

So what must we do, in this "TARDIS"?

CONSTANCE:

I'm not entirely sure yet, but I have a feeling I'll know once we get there!

AMMAR:

Constance – I must say how impressive your actions have been today.

CONSTANCE:

(UNCERTAIN WHERE THIS IS GOING) Thank you Ammar, but [we should]

AMMAR:

(INTERRUPTING) I mean, I've really found you quite [enchanting]

CONSTANCE:

(STERN. VERY BRITISH) Come along Ammar! Let's pick up the pace – the Doctor needs us to be in the TARDIS!

SHE STRIDES OFF AHEAD. HE STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP.

74. INT. THE SPHERE

DOCTOR:

So you agree to it?

WYKE:

Do you really think me so stupid that I would fall for such an obvious trap, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

What?

MUSIC INTENSIFIES AS THE DOCTOR'S PLAN UNRAVELS.

WYKE:

We are, quite possibly, the last of my kind in the universe. And you think that I would allow you to trap us in a resistance cage and allow our life force to be drained away until we are effectively destroyed, or the cage itself self destructs?!

DOCTOR:

My intentions are purely [honourable]

WYKE:

Your intentions are irrelevant, Doctor. There's only one way to ensure you don't try to capture us in the cage!

WYKE PICKS UP KHORBAL'S BLASTER.

DOCTOR:

Shooting me won't help you, Wyke!

WYKE:

No, but destroying that cage will.

HE FIRES. CAGE IS STRUCK. IT EXPLODES IN A SHOWER OF DEBRIS AND SPARKS.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Well, so much for that plan.

PHEENAN BEGINS TO GET UP — NOW HOSTING THE SECONDARY NINEXIS.

PHEENAN:

I am... alive!

WYKE:

Hold him, brother!

PHEENAN:

(EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

(GRABBED) Agh! I'd forgotten about you. – So what are you going to do now, Ninexis?! Wait to be destroyed?!

WYKE:

Of course not. Now we know you have a ship capable of interstellar travel – we will use it to leave this place and colonise elsewhere. (BEAT) Ah! And the equipment is ready to generate the next Ninexis. You will make the ideal host.

DOCTOR:

I'm not known for my hospitality. Anyway – you won't be able to pilot the TARDIS without me.

WYKE:

Don't worry, Doctor – we will be able to use your neurophysiology to inform us how to pilot the ship.

DOCTOR:

Oh. So, this really is it then?

WYKE:

Oh yes, Doctor. This is, as you say, "it".

DOCTOR:

Now, Constance!

NOTHING HAPPENS.

WYKE:

Doctor! Had you planned to betray us?

DOCTOR:

No. I... err (STALLING FOR TIME) It's an exclamation in ancient Gallifreyan... preparing for a painful experience. (THEATRICALY) Now, Constance! (BREAKING INTO MILD PANIC) Constance! Constance!

PHEENAN:

Enough! Begin the process!

WYKE FLICKS A SWITCH AND RELEASES A SURGE OF ENERGY WHICH QUICKLY BUILDS.

WYKE:

Gladly!

POWER BUILDS. SPARKS AND LIGHTNING SWEEP OUT AND STRIKE THE DOCTOR.

WYKE:

Goodbye Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN AS IF TASERED. STRAINING TO GET WORDS OUT) Constance!
Now!

75. INT. THE TARDIS

TARDIS IS EMPTY. JUST THE STANDARD QUIET 'PARKED' HUM.

DOCTOR'S VOICE ECHOES INTO THE CONSOLE ROOM FROM PREVIOUS SCENE.

DOCTOR: (FROM PREVIOUS SCENE)

Now, Constance!

AFTER THIS ECHOES A COUPLE OF TIMES, THE DOORS SPRING OPEN. CONSTANCE AND AMMAR RUN IN.

CONSTANCE:

I knew it. We're just in time!

AMMAR:

What do we do?!

DOCTOR: (FROM PREVIOUS SCENE)

(ECHOES THROUGH CONSOLE ROOM) *Constance! Now!*

CONSTANCE:

We go back to the last phase of the instructions. (BEAT) You take that panel. The two buttons. You remember?

AMMAR:

Errr – I think so!

CONSTANCE:

OK – ready?! Three. Two. One. Now!

THEY FLIP SWITCHES AND ENGAGE A NEW SYSTEM. SOMETHING WE'VE NOT HEARD BEFORE.

76. INT. THE SPHERE

TRANSFER BEGINS. ELECTRICITY MOVES AROUND.

DOCTOR:

(STILL IN PAIN) Argh! Constance! Pleeeaaaassee!!

THE MOBILE TELEPATHIC CIRCUIT FIRES UP — SIMILAR TO WHEN WE FIRST HEAR IT EARLIER. DOCTOR STRAINS IN PAIN THROUGHOUT.

FLORRIE ARRIVES.

FLORRIE:

Doctor! What's going on...? Get off him, Pheenan!

WYKE:

Get away from here, you stupid girl.

PHEENAN:

Yes! Leave! Now!

DOCTOR:

Aghhhh...

FLORRIE:

Stop! Right now! Whatever is going on, stop or... (SHE PICKS UP A DROPPED WEAPON) I shoot!

TELEPATHIC CIRCUIT FULLY BOOTED UP. BEGINS DISTRUPTING NINEXIS TRANSFER:

THIRD NINEXIS:

(PAINED WHISPER) Ugh! Something is wrong!

WYKE:

What have you done, Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING TO GET WORDS OUT) You'll... find... out. Soon enough!
(FIRMLY) Now, Florrie!

SHE FIRES THREE BOLTS AT WYKE AND TWO AT PHEENAN. HITTING THEM BOTH.

WYKE:

Argh!

PHEENAN:

(HIT TWICE) Ah! Uh! Nooooooooooooo!

FLORRIE:

Doctor! Are you alright? What can I do?

DOCTOR:

(STILL PAINED. LESS SO NOW) It's alright, Florrie. I think everything is under control. (BEAT) Look!

WYKE & PHEENAN'S NINEXIE PARASITES ARE DRAWN OUT.

PHEENAN:

What is happening? I am being leached from this host!

WYKE:

Resist it brother – the Doctor is trying to trap us!

PHEENAN/WYKE:

(TORN OUT. FREE FLYING) Agh! No! Fight it, brother!

FLORRIE:

Doctor! What's happening?!

WYKE AND PHEENAN SCREAM AS THE PARASITES ARE TORN FROM THEIR DYING HOST BODIES AND CHANNELLED INTO THE DEVICE. THE PROCESS IS NOISY!

WYKE:

(BEING DRAWN INTO THE DEVICE) We have been tricked, brothers! We are being drawn into a vortex!

DOCTOR:

(PAIN REACHING ITS PEAK)
Argh!

VANISHING, BEING DRAWN INTO THE SMALL DEVICE, DOWN TO NOTHING.

ALL NINEXIE:

Nooooo! / Aaaaargh!

77. INT. THE TARDIS

A SIMILAR SOUND TO THAT IN THE SPHERE ECHOES THROUGH THE TARDIS. LOUD SO AMMAR AND FLORRIE MUST SPEAK UP OVER THE RACKET. THROUGHOUT THE TRAPPING PROCESS SOUNDS OF FLOWING CURRENT, AND HEAVILY DISTORTED AIR RUSHING SOUNDS, WITH SPARKS, CRACKLES AND FIZZES.

WYKE-NINEXIS:

(LOUD 'WHISPER'. STRAINED) We have been tricked! Resist being drawn in further, brothers!

PHEENAN-NINEXIS:

(LOUD 'WHISPER'. STRAINED) I cannot! The flow is too strong!

THIRD NINEXIS:

(LOUD 'WHISPER'. STRAINED) Where is it taking us?!

THESE LINES ARE ECHOED (ALTHOUGH HEAVILY DISTORTED/MANIPULATED/CHOPPED/REVERSED ETC) ACROSS:

AMMAR:

What's happening?! (BEAT) I'm scared, Constance!

CONSTANCE:

I don't know! But don't worry! If it's part of the Doctor's plan, then everything will be alright!

AMMAR:

And what if it's not?!

THE TRANSFERENCE REACHES ITS PEAK. SUDDENLY ALL IS QUIET AGAIN. FAINT ELECTRICAL WHISPERS CAN BE HEARD IN AND AROUND THE CONSOLE.

NINEXIE:

We are trapped / Where are we? / What has the Doctor done? / How is this possible / We must escape!

CONSTANCE:

I think it's over.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE WHISPERS AND HISSES FROM THE CONSOLE. CONTINUE THROUGHOUT, LOW, WITH DISTORTION DESCRIBED ABOVE.

AMMAR:

(SPOOKED) What was that?

CONSTANCE:

I haven't a clue..

MORE WHISPERS.

CONSTANCE:

But I have a very strong feeling that the Doctor's plan was a success!

AMMAR:

And how could you know that?

CONSTANCE:

Low-level local tele-something. Look – I just know. He's coming. He'll be here any moment.

WHISPERS CONTINUE.

78. INT. THE SPHERE

THE FINAL WHISPERS LEAVE THE CHAMBER. WYKE AND PHEENAN SLUMP TO THE FLOOR.

THE DOCTOR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. EXHAUSTED AND IN PAIN.

FLORRIE:

Doctor! What happened?

DOCTOR:

(PANTING. PAINED) I used a mobile electrotelepathic device to siphon the Ninexie into a temporary holding cell, outside of the sphere. (RECOVERING SLIGHTLY) I must say, I think it worked rather well. Thank you for your timely intervention... but now we need to get back to my TARDIS.

FLORRIE:

Your blue box? What's so special about it, anyway?

DOCTOR:

Lots of things, but that is where the Ninexie are being held! Come on!

THE EXIT AT SPEED.

79. INT. THE TARDIS

SEMI CONSTANT WHISPERS OF THE NINEXIE LEAK OUT OF THE CONSOLE. AMMAR IS NERVOUSLY PACING.

NINEXIE:

We must escape / We shall not be contained / I have waited too long for this moment to be imprisoned again! / The Doctor will pay dearly for this!

CONSTANCE:

Ammar! Will you relax, please? Your pacing is giving me a headache. (BEAT) Come along, Doctor!

A SMALL EXPLOSION FROM THE CONSOLE. AMMAR SCREAMS (IN QUITE A GIRLY WAY). THE TARDIS MAKES A DAMAGED SOUNDING ALERT.

AMMAR:

What was that? What's wrong?! Is the control 'thing' alright? Why is it sparking?!

TARDIS DOORS OPEN.

AMMAR:

(JUMPING AGAIN) Argh!

DOCTOR AND FLORRIE ENTER.

FLORRIE:

I see what you mean, Doctor. (BEAT) Ammar! Constance!

DOCTOR:

Mrs Clarke, it is very very good to see you! And you Ammar!

CONSTANCE:

Doctor – something's wrong with the console. What's going on?

ANOTHER EXPLOSION FROM THE CONSOLE.

80. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE

INSIDE THE CONSOLE ITSELF. THREE NINEXIE ARE TRAPPED IN AN ELECTROCHRONOCAPACITOR. AS THEY TRY TO ESCAPE THE BUMP INTO THE WALLS AND ARE BOUNCED BACK. VOICES ARE MORE DISTORTED VERSIONS OF WYKE, PHEENAN, AND A NEW VOICE (THE THIRD NINEXIS). DELIVERIES MORE HISSED/WHISPERED THAT BEFORE.

WYKE-NINEXIS:

What has happened?

PHEENAN-NINEXIS:

Are we in the resistance cage?

THIRD NINEXIS:

No we are somewhere else. This machine cannot hold us! I can already feel it weakening!

81. INT. THE TARDIS

AMMAR, CONSTANCE AND FLORRIE STAND BY AS THE DOCTOR BEGINS FIDDLING WITH THE CONSOLE. STILL WHISPERS – ECHOES FROM PREVIOUS SCENES.

AMMAR:

These things are inside... this console?

DOCTOR:

In a manner of speaking. The Ninexie are prisoners inside the electrochronocapacitation system.

ANOTHER SMALL POP OF EXPLOSION. FIZZING.

DOCTOR:

Don't panic! If we just reroute a little power from the Vortex shields into the electrochronocapactiors...

DOCTOR TAPS IN SOME FINAL COMMANDS INTO THE CONSOLE. THE DISTRESS AND WHISPERS ARE SILENCED.

DOCTOR:

There! Much better.

CONSTANCE:

So what do we do now? What's the next part of your plan?

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. That's... one small problem. I've not quite got to the next bit. (BEAT) Well done with disarming that bomb, by the way, Mrs Clarke. Most impressive!

CONSTANCE:

That was you, of course. Using that local telepathic device of yours?

DOCTOR:

Yes indeed! Thanks to my rather nifty mobile telepathic circuit extension, I was able to use the TARDIS' telepathic circuits to contact you from inside the sphere. I had rather hoped that our friends from Galaxy Three had the situation under control – hence me asking you to wait. But then dear Khorbal armed the bomb in front of me. (BEAT) Of course, I had every confidence that you'd be able to cancel the self destruct.

CONSTANCE:

I'm glad you were so confident. I must admit – It was rather exciting. It was strange though, Doctor – from then on, I felt as if I knew what you were doing. What your plans were. What you hoped I'd do. Another effect of the mobile device?

DOCTOR:

Indeed! The TARDIS is a very intuitive and powerful creature. Aren't you [my dear?]

HE STOPS AS THE TARDIS CONSOLE ACTIVATES AND BEGINS MATERIALISATION.

DOCTOR:

Oh no, that's not good. Not good at all.

FLORRIE:

What's going on Doctor?

DOCTOR:

She's dematerialising.

CONSTANCE:

Didn't you do that?

DOCTOR:

No I did not!

CONSTANCE:

Could it be the Ninexie causing it?

DOCTOR:

Possibly. I need to (HE STARTS FRANTICALLY WORKING ON THE CONSOLE) try to... (HE SEES SOMETHING) Hang on a minute, old girl!

AMMAR:

We need to get out of here!

AMMAR RUSHES TO THE DOOR.

CONSTANCE:

No! Ammar. It's alright!

HE STOPS.

CONSTANCE:

It's too late anyway – we've dematerialised.

DOCTOR:

(WORKING IT ALL OUT) Come on... Come on...

FLORRIE:

(NOTICING HADS INDICATOR) Doctor – what's this that's just lit up?

DOCTOR:

No, no, no! What are you doing old girl? No point in the HADS. The threat is within, not without.

HE FLICKS OFF THE HADS. A BEAT. HADS REACTIVATES.

DOCTOR:

(TO TARDIS) Now is not the time for an argument!

HE FLICKS IT OFF AGAIN.

FLORRIE:

Is he always like this?

CONSTANCE:

Frequently.

HADS FLICKS ON AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Now look here... (REALISES) Hang on a minute! Hang on a minute! I think I know what you're getting at, old girl.

ANOTHER SMALL EXPLOSION ON THE CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:

I've got it!

HE BEGINS TO EXIT THE CONSOLE ROOM IN A HURRY.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor? What's the HADS, and exactly have you 'got'?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) I'll explain on the way. I seem to be doing a lot of that today! Come on – all of you!

ALL RUN OUT.

82. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR 1

SKIDDING FEET AS THE FOUR ALL RUSH THROUGH THE CORRIDORS. TARDIS JUDDERS AS IT STARTS TO SUFFER THE EFFECTS OF THE NINEXIE BEING TRAPPED IN THE CONSOLE.

CONSTANCE:

Where are we going, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The Power Room. Next left! (BEAT) I'm sure it used to be closer to the Control Room...

AMMAR:

How big is this place, anyway...?

FLORRIE:

What do we do once we're there, Doctor?

THE SKID AROUND ANOTHER CORNER.

DOCTOR:

The old girl was trying to tell me something by activating the HADS...

FLORRIE:

The what?

DOCTOR:

HADS. Hostile Action Displacement System. When in danger – where the TARDIS is under threat, the HADS moves her out of that dangerous environment. (BEAT) Through here!

CROSS FADE TO:

83. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR 2

THE FOUR BURST THROUGH A DOOR INTO ANOTHER AREA.

CONSTANCE:

But the problem is inside the TARDIS, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

FLORRIE:

I'm none the wiser.

AMMAR:

Nor me!

DOCTOR:

All will become clear! (BEAT) Possibly.

THE DISAPPEAR UP THE CORRIDOR.

84. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE

THE ANGRY NINEXIE BEGIN TO DO SOME SERIOUS DAMAGE TO THEIR PRISON CELL.

THIRD NINEXIS:

We are weakening the device!

WYKE-NINEXIS:

We must concentrate our efforts!

PHEENAN-NINEXIS:

Together then. NOW!

THE BOUNCING AROUND INTENSIFIES AND ELECTRICAL FIELD BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN.

86. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR 3

THE ENTIRE TARDIS JUDDERS AND TILTS OVER TWENTY DEGREES CAUSING THE FOUR TO STUMBLE INTO THE WALL BEFORE IT RIGHTS. THE CLOISTER BELL SOUNDS.

CONSTANCE/FLORRIE/DOCTOR/AMMAR:

(THROWN TOWARDS THE WALL) Whoooooaaahh! / Aaaah! / Oh dear!

DOCTOR:

Don't worry! Keep going!

THEY CONTINUE RUNNING.

FLORRIE:

It felt like we were about to capsize then... or whatever it is that happens to a TARDIS!

AMMAR:

(REALLY FRIGHTENED) What's happening?!

DOCTOR:

The Ninexie must be doing some serious damage. Come on – we're almost there!

FLORRIE:

How far?!

DOCTOR:

Second door on the right. Just ahead!

THE DOCTOR AND FLORRIE GO THROUGH THE DOOR. AMMAR IS PARALYSED WITH FEAR. CONSTANCE CLOSES IN TO COMFORT HIM.

CONSTANCE:

Ammar! Come on!

AMMAR:

I... I can't!

CONSTANCE:

(INSISTENT BUT VERY WARM) Ammar. I know you can. You've already saved a life today. The Doctor knows what he's doing, but he needs all of us to help. I know you can do it.

AMMAR:

(NEW SHAKY CONFIDENCE) Yes. You are right, Constance. Let's go!

AHEAD THE DOCTOR LEANS BACK INTO THE CORRIDOR AND CALLS BACK.

DOCTOR:

Constance! Ammar! Hurry!!

THE TARDIS AGAIN SHAKES AND THE CLOISTER BELL SOUNDS — MORE DISTRESSED THAN BEFORE.

87. INT. TARDIS POWER ROOM

THE POWER ROOM IS A HUGE CAVERNOUS ROOM. ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS HUM. TURBINES MOVING IN THE BACKGROUND? DEVICES SOUNDING IN RHYTHM WITH THE CONSOLE. OVER THIS — MUCH DISTRESSED MACHINERY, SPARKING DEVICES, SMALL EXPLOSIONS. ALL A BIT OF A DISASTER ZONE. VERY LOUD!

THEY RUSH IN AND COME TO A HALT.

AMMAR:

It's huge! Vast!

CONSTANCE:

You've never shown me this place before, Doctor! It's like a cathedral... an ugly industrial cathedral!

FLORRIE:

What do you need us to do, Doctor? Where are we headed? To the turbines?

AMMAR:

We don't need to go up to those high walkways, do we? I'm really not good with heights!

BREAKING GLASS AS ONE OF THE FLUID LINKS SMASHES.

DOCTOR:

Oh no! The fluid links won't take much more of this!

FLORRIE:

(INSISTENT) What do we need to do, Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

Alright. Everyone follow my instructions and we might make it out of this. (BEAT) (SEMI-SOTTO) Unless I've misunderstood the old girl, of course.

ANOTHER CONDUIT EXPLODES.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Right. Florrie — those tubes — the fluid links?

FLORRIE:

These? (BEAT) Yep. What about them?

DOCTOR:

Each time there's an overheat warning, use those controls to switch the link off and turn a backup link on.

FLORRIE:

Alright.

OVERHEAT WARNING. FLORRIE REACTS AND SWITCHES THE FIRST ONE OFF.

FLORRIE:

Like that?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Constance, Ammar – come with me to the other side!
(CALLING BACK) And if a link explodes – try not to breathe in the fumes!!

THEY RUN OFF.

88. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE

THE NINEXIE WHISPERING BUILDS. MORE SMALL EXPLOSIONS. TIME ROTOR JUDDERS AND STRUGGLES TO CARRY ON. IT CAN'T GET MUCH WORSE THAN THIS! MORE LAYERS OF WHISPER — NOW INDISTINCT/UNINTELLIGABLE. LAYER EARLIER WHISPERS. DISTORT. BUILD.

89. INT. TARDIS POWER ROOM

CONSTANCE, AMMAR AND THE DOCTOR ARRIVE AT THE HADS POWER TERMINAL.

DOCTOR:

Erm... right!

HE BEGINS FIDDLING WITH CONTROLS AND UNPLUGGING/REPLUGGING CABLES.

AMMAR:

This all looks very complicated. There must be thousands... no – hundreds of thousands of controls, buttons, switches... how are we ever going to [get out of this?]

CONSTANCE:

Ammar! Calm. (BEAT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(THINKING AND WORKING) All we need to do is divert the HADS control system to the electrochronocapacitation board. (BEAT) That should do it. Constance – if these breakers switch off, switch them back on. No matter how many times. Keep them on! Ammar, grab that cable reel. (BEAT) Quickly, man!

THE TWO RUN ABOUT TWENTY FEET. WE STAY WITH THEM. THE REEL UNRAVELS AS THEY RUN. AS THEY ARRIVE A PANEL BLOWS OUT IN FRONT OF THEM.

DOCTOR:

Right. This is it, Ammar. You take this terminal and plug it in there. Once it's in, I'll insert this one, and that should solve it.

AMMAR:

Is it safe, Doctor? It doesn't look safe!

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, I'll take the exposed one. It should be fine. I hope!

AMMAR:

No!

DOCTOR:

What?

AMMAR:

No way are you taking the dangerous one, Doctor. If it goes wrong, you need to be alive to make an alternative plan. (BEAT) So I shall take the dangerous one.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure?

AMMAR:

Certain.

DOCTOR:

Very well.

THE DOCTOR ATTACHES THE FIRST TERMINAL. THE EXPLOSIONS AND JUDDERING INTENSIFIES ONCE AGAIN.

AMMAR:

Ready?

DOCTOR:

Ready. (SHOUTS OUT) Ready everyone?

FLORRIE/AMMAR/CONSTANCE:

Ready! / Yes! / Let's do it! / Fine!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Hold tight! (BEAT) Good luck Ammar!

AMMAR:

Thank you. Three. Two. One.

HE APPLIES THE TERMINAL. A SHOWER OF SPARKS. AMMAR IS THROWN BACKWARDS.

AMMAR:

(SHOCKED. HITS THE DECK. PASSES OUT)

CONSTANCE:

Ammar!!

FLORRIE:

What's happened?! Is he alright?!

DOCTOR:

(COAXING – URGENTLY) Now old girl! We're ready!

DISRUPTION IN THE POWER ROOM BEGINS TO SYNCHRONISE WITH THE ROTOR AS THE HADS ACTIVATES. WHISPERS COME AND GO IN WAVES AS EVERYTHING SYNCs UP. COMPRESSION OF THE WHISPERS. SOUNDS SHARPEN AND THEN:

SUDDEN SILENCE.

90. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE

AS THE HADS ACTIVATES AN ELECTRICAL VACCUUM OPENS IN THE NINEXIE PRISON CELL. ELECTRCIAL VERSION OF SPACECRAFT DEPRESSURISATION (SIMILAR TO INITIAL IMPRISONMENT BUT HARSHER)

WYKE-NINEXIS:

We've done it! We are free.

PHEENAN-NINEXIS:

No! It's a trap! We are being drawn out of the machine!

THIRD NINEXIS:

Try to hold on, brothers!

NINEXIE:

(REMOVED) Argh! / Nooooooo! / We must not allow this!

THE NINEXIE WHISPER/SCREAM AS THE HADS EXTRACTS THEM FROM THE CONSOLE.

91. EXT. TARDIS – SPACE

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES FLOATING IN SPACE.

WHISPERS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE BEGIN TO UNSYNC FROM THE MATERIALISATION SOUND.

AS THEY BECOME SYNCOPATED A BOOM OF ENERGY AND A SOUND LIKE A HEAVILY DISTORTED RUSH OF HAIR EJECTS THE NINEXIE.

NINEXIE:

Wait! / Noooo! / We have been released!

WYKE-NINEXIS:

It is... our home! We are in orbit around our home! The Doctor has returned us!

NINEXIE:

We must get to the surface / Before our life-force is drained!
/ Quickly brothers!

NINEXIE EJECTED. WHISPERING FLY PAST. THEN ALL IS CALM.

92. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM – AMMAR'S POV

AMMAR IS COMING ROUND AFTER BEING BRIEFLY ELECTROCUTED IN THE POWER ROOM. TO BEGIN WITH THE LINES ARE MUFFLED AND INDISTINCT.

CONSTANCE:

Put him down here. Use my coat to support his head. Here.

THE DOCTOR AND FLORRIE PUT AMMAR DOWN ON THE CONSOLE ROOM FLOOR.

DOCTOR/FLORRIE:

(EFFORT)

FLORRIE:

He's breathing!

CONSTANCE:

Will he be alright Doctor?

DOCTOR:

He should be. He got a nasty shock.

CONSTANCE:

The hero of the hour.

AMMAR SITS UP WITH A START. CROSS TO REGULAR POV:

93. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

AMMAR:

(CATCHING HIS BREATH) Constance?! (BEAT) Did it work?! Am I really a hero?

CONSTANCE:

(CROUCHING DOWN) You were very brave, Ammar.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Well done indeed, Ammar. Most impressive. (BEAT) Now, just a few things to check, and then I suppose we should get on our way!

THE DOCTOR BEGINS INPUTTING COMMANDS INTO THE CONSOLE.

FLORRIE:

Is the TARDIS alright, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Surprisingly well, despite her recent ordeal with the Ninexie.

FLORRIE:

But where are they? What happened to them?

DOCTOR OPENS THE SCANNER.

CONSTANCE:

What is that?

AMMAR:

A silver planet?

DOCTOR:

The Ninexie homeworld. Our three Ninexie friends have been delivered back home. A several millennia-long round trip for them... and nothing to show for it! But on the plus side, we've essentially reintroduced an extinct species back to its homeworld... so I'll chalk that up as a good deed for the day!

FLORRIE:

But won't they just start their emigration programme all over again, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I shouldn't think so! Would you be in a hurry to leave after what the primary Ninexis has experienced? Two thousand years of solitary confinement, and then being outwitted by a very bright and brave bunch of aliens?

FLORRIE:

I suppose so...

DOCTOR:

I think they'll be far too busy repopulating their homeworld. And I have a feeling they'll be staying put for a good long while.

DOCTOR CLOSES THE SCANNER.

CONSTANCE:

What a relief. So, back to Teymah, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. I imagine Florrie will have to file a report, and Ammar... well, with Yce gone and his empire likely crumbling, you'll have to consider a change of career, I think!

CLUNK OF CONTROLS AS THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. CROSSFADE TO:

94. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES ON THE TEYMAH SURFACE. ONLY A LIGHT DUST STORM IS BLOWING.

95. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

ALL IS QUIET IN THE CONSOLE ROOM.

FLORRIE:

Well, Doctor, Constance... it's been... interesting! I shall have to file a report, but I'm not entirely sure that my superiors are going to believe it...

DOCTOR:

Which agency is it that you work for, Florrie?

FLORRIE:

Galaxy 3 – Gamma Gamma.

DOCTOR:

Ah yes. I may have had dealings with them before, or possibly will have done at some point. Just mention my name... they'll understand, I'm sure.

FLORRIE:

I had no idea you were an ally of ours.

DOCTOR:

I said I'd had dealings. I didn't say as an ally.

CONSTANCE:

Well, that's awkward.

FLORRIE:

Indeed. I think I'd best be on my way. (BEAT) Ammar, I'll need to interview you, for my report.

AMMAR:

Of course.

DOCTOR:

Ammar, I'd like a word before you go.

FLORRIE:

I'll see you in the main complex... the canteen?

AMMAR:

Of course.

FLORRIE LEAVES THE TARDIS.

96. EXT. TARDIS – TEYMAH SURFACE

AS FLORRIE EXITS – FOOTSTEPS CAN BE HEARD APPROACHING.

U.A.X.S #1:

I say there! Excuse me!

FLORRIE:

Hello – can I help you?

U.A.X.S #2:

You most certainly can, young lady. We're here from the Ursa Aquarii Xenoarcheological Society. I'm afraid our shuttle was delayed.

U.A.X.S #1:

We're looking for Mister Yce and Professor Wyke...

FLORRIE:

Ah, yes! We've been expecting you. If you come with me, I'll be able to explain everything. (BEAT). I think. (BEAT) This way!

THEY TRUDGE OFF THROUGH THE SAND.

97. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

DOCTOR:

Well, Ammar, I must say – it's been an absolute pleasure. You've shown great courage and no little resourcefulness. I know Mrs Clarke has enjoyed your company, too. And since it would seem that you find yourself at something of a loose end –

CONSTANCE:

(KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

... I wondered if you'd care to join Mrs Clarke and I on our travels? I sense you're made of the right stuff.

CONSTANCE:

Doctor, I completely agree [but I don't know if that'd be appropriate]

AMMAR:

(INTERRUPTING – SAVING CONSTANCE'S EMBARRASSMENT) I don't think it's a good idea, Doctor. But thank you for the offer. I'm flattered. Really, I am.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Shame. (BEAT) Well, then I suppose this is indeed goodbye. Thank you, Ammar.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

AMMAR:

Thank you, Doctor. (BEAT) Constance – may I speak with you before we say goodbye? Privately?

CONSTANCE:

(UNSURE) I –

AMMAR:

Please.

CONSTANCE:

Of course. I'll walk you out.

THE TWO WALK TO THE OPENING TARDIS DOORS.

98. EXT. TEYMAH SURFACE

TARDIS DOOR CREAKS OPEN. AMMAR AND CONSTANCE STEP OUT. A VERY LIGHT DUST STORM IS BLOWING.

CONSTANCE:

Ammar, [I'm sorry but]

AMMAR:

(INTERRUPTING) Constance. Please, let me speak. I confess, I am lost in admiration of you... but you are married, of course.

CONSTANCE:

I am, yes.

AMMAR:

So it is best if I keep my feelings to myself.

CONSTANCE:

Ammar, you saved my life twice in a day, and likely saved countless more lives, also. You're a very brave and very wonderful man. This may have been only a brief encounter, but I promise I will never forget you.

AMMAR:

To not be forgotten. I should like that very much.

CONSTANCE:

Goodbye, Ammar.

SHE KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK. TARDIS DOOR CREAKS CLOSED. AS IT DEMATERIALISES:

AMMAR:

Goodbye to you too, Constance Clarke...

99. INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

TARDIS IN FLIGHT. CONSTANCE WALKS BACK UP TO CONSOLE (FROM DOOR).

DOCTOR:

A shame that old Ammar didn't feel inclined to join us on our travels. But one must always endeavour to accept rejection with good grace...

CONSTANCE:

He did.

DOCTOR:

Still: I must confess, I'm not used to being turned down quite so— (PENNY DROPS) Ah.

CONSTANCE:

'Ah', indeed.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

DOCTOR:

Mrs Clarke, I don't know about you, but I've got sand everywhere, and I mean everywhere. In my mouth, in my ears, up my nose. So what we need, I suggest, is to go somewhere where we can feel properly refreshed. (FX: BEGINS SETTING CONTROLS) A little bit wet, a little bit windy perhaps – but nonetheless, reasonably clement. And I know just the place...!

CONSTANCE:

London.

DOCTOR:

Good heavens, no. I was thinking the Blustery Moon of Thessalonia. By a strange quirk of cosmic chemistry, the rain of the Blustery Moon of Thessalonia tastes rather like a home-made lemonade...

CONSTANCE:

London, Doctor. London, back to the War.

DOCTOR:

(INNOCENT) Which war...?

CONSTANCE:

My war, obviously. I made it clear I was not deserting when I left.

DOCTOR:

Now look. I can't claim to know much about the condition of the human heart, but let's not be hasty, Const— Mrs Clarke. Ammar was a nice enough chap, of that I've no doubt, but no chap is worth losing one's head over...

CONSTANCE:

I have not 'lost my head' over anyone. But wherever I go — be it Teymah, or Strellin, or this Blustery Moon of yours — I won't ever be free, will I? Not until I know.

DOCTOR:

About Mister Clarke.

CONSTANCE:

About my husband. All that time, Yce was engaged to be married to a secret agent — a spy — and yet he never once suspected her. It makes one think, does it not?

DOCTOR:

I suppose it does.

CONSTANCE:

Now — I'm going to change back into my uniform. It's time, I think, I resigned my commission.

DOCTOR:

From the Wrens?

CONSTANCE:

From this ship. From the TARDIS. — London, Doctor. P.D.Q.

SHE WALKS OFF.

THE END